

THE RELAPSE;
OR,
VIRTUE IN DANGER.

A
COMEDY,

BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT
THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Manager.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation; and those
printed in Italics are the Additions of the Theatre.

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THE RELEASE
OR
NINETEEN IN DANGER

COMEDY

BY THE AUTHOR

THEATRE DE L'OPERA



LONDON

Printed and Published by
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W. 1.

PREFACE.

To go about to excuse half the defects this abortive brat is come into the world with, would be to provoke the town with a long useless preface, when it is, I doubt, sufficiently soured already by a tedious play.

I do, therefore (with the humility of a repenting sinner) confess, it wants every thing---but length; and in that, I hope, the severest critic will be pleased to acknowledge, I have not been wanting. But my modesty will sure atone for every thing, when the world shall know it is so great, I am even to this day insensible of those two shining graces in the play (which some part of the town is pleased to compliment me with), blasphemy and bawdy.

For my part, I cannot find them out: if there were any obscene expressions upon the stage, here they are in the print; for I have dealt fairly, I have not sunk a syllable, that could (though by racking of mysteries) be ranged under that head; and yet I believe with a steady faith, there is not one woman of a real reputation in town, but when she has read it impartially over in her closet, will find it so innocent, she will think it no affront to her prayer-book, to lay it upon the same shelf. So to them (with all manner of deference) I entirely refer my cause; and I am confident they will justify me against those pretenders to good-manners, who, at the same time, have so little respect for the ladies, they would extract a bawdy jest from an ejaculation, to put them out of countenance. But I expect to have these well-bred persons always my enemies, since I am sure I shall never write any thing lewd enough to make them my friends.

As for the saints (your thorough-paced ones, I mean, with screwed faces and wry mouths) I despair of them; for they are friends to nobody: they love nothing but their altars and themselves; they have too much zeal to have any charity; they make debauchees in piety, as sinners do in wine; and are as quarrelsome in their religion, as other people are in their drink: so I hope nobody will mind what they say. But if any man (with flat plod shoes, a little band, greasy hair, and a dirty face, who is wiser than I, at the expence of being forty years older) happens to be offended at a story of a cock and a bull, and a priest and a bull-dog, I beg his pardon with all my heart;

which, I hope, I shall obtain, by eating my words, and making this public recantation. I do therefore, for his satisfaction, acknowledge I lied, when I said, they never quit their hold; for in that little time I have lived in the world, I thank God, I have seen them forced to it more than once; but next time I will speak with more caution and truth, and only say, they have very good teeth.

If I have offended any honest gentleman of the town, whose friendship or good word is worth the having, I am very sorry for it; I hope they will correct me as gently as they can, when they consider I have had no other design, in running a very great risk, than to divert (if possible) some part of their spleen, in spite of their wives and their taxes,

One word more about the bawdy, and I have done. I own the first night this thing was acted, some indecencies had like to have happened; but it was not my fault.

The fine gentleman of the play, drinking his mistress's health in Nantes brandy, from six in the morning, to the time he waddled on upon the stage in the evening, had toasted himself up to such a pitch of vigour, I confess I once gave Amanda for gone, and am since (with all due respect to Mrs. ROGERS) very sorry she escaped; for I am confident a certain lady (let no one take it to herself that is handsome) who highly blames the play, for the barrenness of the conclusion, would then have allowed it a very natural close.

PROLOGUE.

*LADIES, this play in too much haste was writ,
To be o'ercharg'd with either plot or wit;
'Twas got, conceiv'd, and born in six weeks space,
And wit, you know's as slow in growth—as grace.
Sure it can ne'er be ripen'd to your taste;
I doubt 'twill prove our author bred too fast:
For mark them well who with the muses marry,
They rarely do conceive but they miscarry.
'Tis the hard fate of those who are big with rhyme,
Still to be brought to bed before their time.
Of our late poets Nature few has made;
The greatest part—are only so by trade.
Still want of something brings the scribbling fit;
For want of money some of 'em have writ,
And others do't, you see—for want of wit.
Honour, they fancy, summons 'em to write,
So out they lug in resty nature's spight,
As some of your spruce beaus do—when you fight.
Yet let the ebb of wit be ne'er so low,
Some glimpse of it a man may hope to show,
Upon a theme so ample—as a beau.
So, howsoe'er true courage may decay,
Perhaps there's not one smock-face here to-day,
But 's bold as Cæsar—to attack a play.
Nay, what's yet more, with an undaunted face,
To do the thing with more heroic grace,
'Tis six to four y' attack the strongest place.
You are such hotspurs in this kind of venture,
Where there's no breach, just there you needs must enter.
But be advis'd——
E'en give the hero and the critic o'er,
For nature sent you on another score;
She form'd her beau for nothing but her whore.*

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sir NOVELTY FASHION,	-	-	Mr. Woodward.
YOUNG FASHION,	-	-	Mr. Lee Lewes.
LOVELESS,	-	-	Mr. Wroughton.
WORTHY,	-	-	Mr. Davies.
Sir TUNBELLY CLUMSEY,	-	-	Mr. Wilson.
Sir JOHN FRIENDLY,	-	-	Mr. Young.
COUPLER,	-	-	Mr. Thompson.
BULL,	-	-	Mr. Booth.
SYRINGE,	-	-	Mr. Fearon.
LORY,	-	-	Mr. Cushing.
LA VAROLE,	-	-	Mr. Wewitzer.
Page,	-	-	Mr. Simmons.
Hosier,	-	-	Mr. Ledger.
Shoemaker,	-	-	Mr. Jones.
Taylor,	-	-	Mr. Bates.

Women.

AMANDA,	-	-	Miss Farren.
BERINTHIA,	-	-	Mrs. Bates.
Miss HOYDEN,	-	-	Mrs. Wilson.
Nurse,	-	-	Mrs. Pitt.
Sempstress,	-	-	Mrs. Platt.
Amanda's Woman,	-	-	Miss Stuart.

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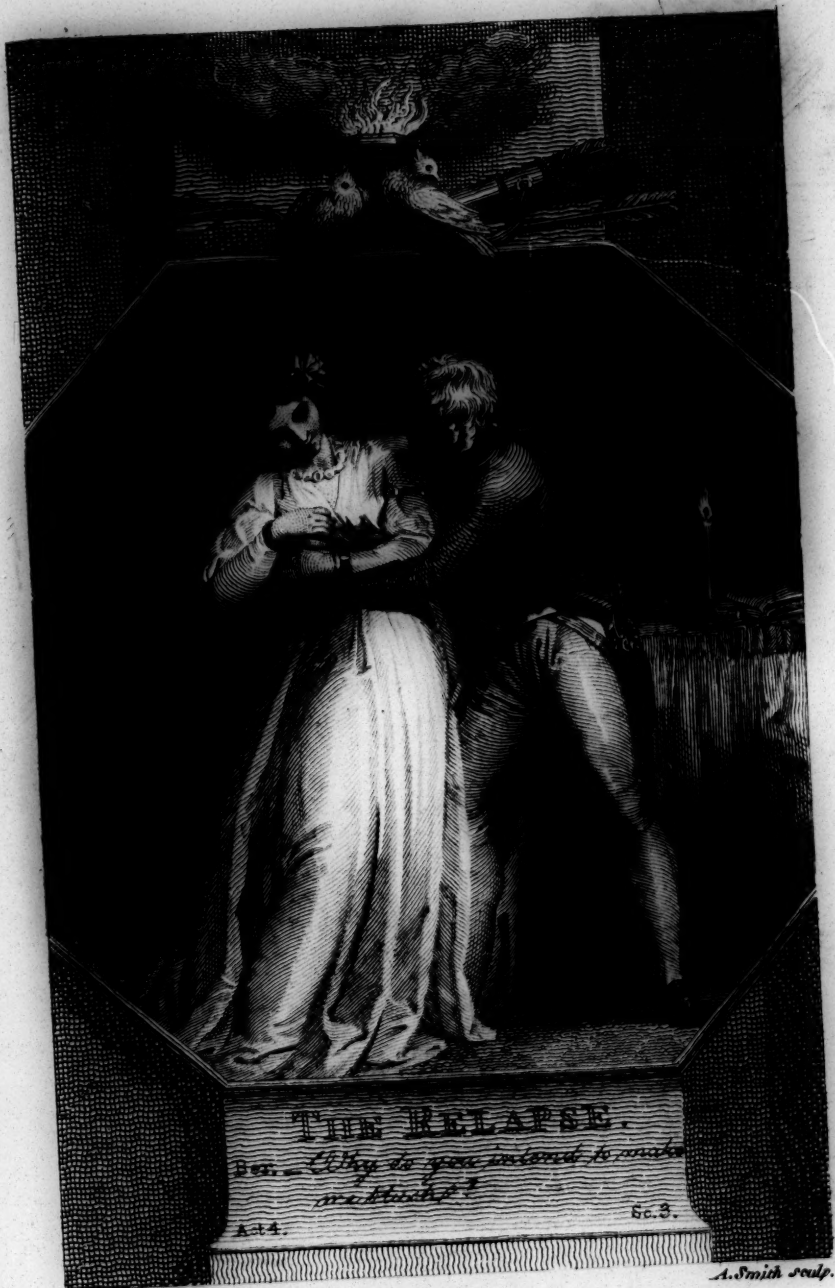
De Wilde pinxt

Wilson sculpsit

MR. GIBBS as MISS HOYDEN.

Miss Hoy. Good. & I will marry again here.

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Stedhart del.

London. Printed for J. Bell British Library. Strand. Aug. 22 1785

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THE RELAPSE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter LOVELESS, reading.

Loveless.

“ How true is that philosophy which says
“ Our heaven is seated in our minds !
“ Through all the roving pleasures of my youth
“ (Where nights and days seem all consum’d in joy)
“ I never knew one moment’s peace like this.”
Here—in this little soft retreat,
The raging flame of wild destructive lust
Reduc’d to a warm pleasing fire of lawful love,
My life glides on, and all is well within.

Enter AMANDA.

How does the happy cause of my content, my dear Amanda ?
You find me musing on my happy state,
And full of grateful thoughts to Heaven, and you.

Aman. Those grateful offerings Heaven can’t receive
With more delight than I do :
Would I could share with it as well
The dispensations of its bliss ;
That I might search its choicest favours out,
And shower them on your head for ever.

Love. The largest boons that Heaven thinks fit to grant,

To things it has decreed shall crawl on earth,
Are in the gift of women form'd like you.
" Perhaps, when time shall be no more,
" When the aspiring soul shall take its flight,
" And drop this pond'rous lump of clay behind it,
" It may have appetites we know not of,
" And pleasures as refin'd as its desires——
" But till that day of knowledge shall instruct me,"
The utmost blessing that my thought can reach,
Is folded in my arms, and rooted in my heart.

[*Taking her in his arms.*]

Aman. There let it grow for ever.

Love. Well said, Amanda—let it be for ever.

Would Heaven grant that.——

Aman. 'T were all the Heaven I'd ask.

But " we are clad in black mortality,

" And the dark curtain of eternal night

" At last must drop between us.

" *Love.* It must : that mournful separation we must see.

" A bitter pill it is to all ; but doubles its ungrateful taste,

" When lovers are to swallow it.

" *Aman.* Perhaps that pain may only be my lot,

" You possibly may be exempted from it ;

" Men find out softer ways to quench their fires."

Love. Can you then doubt my constancy, Amanda ?

You'll find 't is built upon a steady basis——

The rock of reason now supports my love ;

On which it stands so fix'd,

The rudest hurricane of wild desire

Would, like the breath of a soft slumbering babe,

Pass by, and never shake it.

Aman. Yet still 't is safer to avoid the storm ;

The strongest vessels, if they put to sea,

May possibly be lost.

Would I could keep you here in this calm port for ever.

Forgive the weakness of a woman,

I am uneasy at your going to stay so long in town ;

I know its false insinuating pleasures ;

I know the force of its delusions ;

I know the strength of its attacks ;

I know the weak defence of nature ;

I know you are a man—and I—a wife.

Love. You know then all that needs to give you rest,

For wife's the strongest claim that you can urge.

When you would plead your title to my heart,

On this you may depend ; therefore be calm,

" Banish your fears, for they are traitors to your peace ;

" Beware of them, they are insinuating busy things,

" That gossip to and fro, and do a world of mischief

" Where they come: but you shall soon be mistress of them all.

" I'll aid you with such arms for their destruction,

" They never shall erect their heads again."

You know the business is indispensable, that obliges

Me to go to London, and you have no reason, that I

Know of, to believe that I'm glad of the occasion :

" For my honest conscience is my witness,

" I have found a due succession of such charms

" In my retirement here with you,

" I have never thrown one roving thought that way ;"

But since against my will I'm dragg'd once more

To that uneasy theatre of noise,

I am resolv'd to make such use on't,

As shall convince you 't is an old cast mistress,

Who has been so lavish of her favours

She's now grown bankrupt of her charms,

And has not one allurements left to move me.

Aman. Her bow, I do believe, has grown so weak,
Her arrows, at this distance, cannot hurt you,
But in approaching 'em you give 'em strength :
The dart that has not far to fly,
Will put the best of armour to a dangerous trial.

Love. That trial past, you are at ease for ever ;
“ When you have seen the helmet prov'd,
“ You 'll apprehend no more for him that wears it :”
Therefore to put a lasting period to your fears,
I am resolv'd, this once, to launch into temptation :
“ I 'll give you an essay of all my virtues :”
My former boon companions of the bottle
Shall fairly try what charms are left in wine :
They shall hem me in,
Sing praises to their god, and drink his glory ;
Turn wild enthusiasts for his sake,
And beasts, to do him honour :
While I, a stubborn atheist,
Sullenly look on,
Without one reverend glass to his divinity.
That for my temperance :
Then for my constancy——

Aman. Ay, there take heed.

Love. Indeed the danger's small.

Aman. And yet my fears are great.

Love. Why are you so timorous ?

Aman. Because you are so bold.

Love. My courage should disperse your apprehensions.

Aman. My apprehensions should alarm your courage.

Love. Fie, fie, Amanda, it is not kind thus to distrust me.

Aman. And yet my fears are founded on my love.

Love. Your love then is not founded as it ought ;
For if you can believe 't is possible

I should again relapse to my past follies,
I must appear to you a thing
Of such an undigested composition,
That but to think of me with inclination,
Would be a weakness in your taste,
Your virtue scarce could answer.

Aman. 'T would be a weakness in my tongue
My prudence could not answer,
If I should press you farther with my fears;
I'll therefore trouble you no longer with 'em.

Love. Nor shall they trouble you much longer,
A little time shall shew you they were groundless;
This winter shall be the fiery trial of my virtues,
Which, when it once has pass'd,
You 'll be convinc'd 'twas of no false allay,
There all your cares will end——

Aman. Pray Heaven they may. [Exeunt hand in hand.

SCENE II.

Whitehall. Enter Young FASHION and LORY.

Y. Fash. Come, pay the waterman, and take the port-
mantle.

Lory. Faith, sir, I gave the waterman the portmantle to
pay himself.

Y. Fash. Why sure there was something left in 't.

Lory. But a solitary old waistcoat upon my honour, sir.

Y. Fash. Why, what's become of the blue coat, sirrah?

Lory. Sir, 'twas eaten at Gravesend; the reckoning came
to thirty shillings, and your privy-purse was worth but two
half-crowns.

Y. Fash. 'Tis very well.

“ Enter Waterman.

“ *Wat.* Pray, master, will you please to dispatch me?

“ *Y. Fash.* Ay, here a—canst thou change me a guinea?

“ *Lory.* [*Aside.*] Good.

“ *Wat.* Change a guinea, master! Ha, ha, your honour’s
“ pleased to compliment.

“ *Y. Fash.* ’Egad I don’t know how I shall pay thee then,
“ for I have nothing but gold about me.

“ *Lory.* [*Aside.*]—Hum, hum.

“ *Y. Fash.* What dost thou expect, friend?

“ *Wat.* Why, master, so far against wind and tide, is
“ richly worth half a piece.

“ *Y. Fash.* Why, faith, I think thou art a good con-
“ scionable fellow. ’Egad, I begin to have so good an
“ opinion of thy honesty, I care not if I leave my port-
“ mantle with thee, till I send thee thy money.

“ *Wat.* Ha! God bless your honour; I should be as wil-
“ ling to trust you, master, but that you are, as a man may
“ say, a stranger to me, and these are nimble times; there
“ are a great many sharpers stirring. [*Taking up the port-*
“ *mantle.*] Well, master, when your worship sends the mo-
“ ney, your portmantle shall be forth-coming. My name
“ is Tugg, my wife keeps a brandy-shop in Drab-Alley, at
“ Wapping.

“ *Y. Fash.* Very well; I’ll send for ’t to-morrow.

“ [*Exit Waterman.*”

Lory. So—Now, sir, I hope you’ll own yourself a happy
man, you have out-lived all your cares.

Y. Fash. How so, sir?

Lory. Why, you have nothing left to take care of.

Y. Fash. Yes, sirrah, I have myself and you to take care
of still.

Lory. Sir, if you could but prevail with some body else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for 't.

Y. Fash. Why, if thou canst tell me where to apply myself, I have at present so little money, and so much humility about me, I don't know but I may follow a fool's advice.

Lory. Why then, sir, your fool advises you to lay aside all animosity, and apply to Sir Novelty your elder brother.

Y. Fash. Damn my elder brother.

Lory. With all my heart; but get him to redeem your annuity however.

Y. Fash. My annuity! 'Sdeath, he's such a dog, he would not give his powder puff to redeem my soul.

Lory. Look you, sir, you must wheedle him, or you must starve.

Y. Fash. Look you, sir, I will neither wheedle him, nor starve.

Lory. Why, what will you do then?

Y. Fash. I'll go into the army.

Lory. You can't take the oaths; you are a Jacobite.

Y. Fash. Thou may'st as well say I can't take orders, because I'm an atheist.

“*Lory.* Sir, I ask your pardon; I find I did not know the strength of your conscience, so well as I did the weakness of your purse.”

“*Y. Fash.* Methinks, sir, a person of your experience should have known, that the strength of the conscience proceeds from the weakness of the purse.”

Lory. Sir, I am very glad to find you have a conscience able to take care of us, let it proceed from what it will; “but I desire you'll please to consider, that the army alone will be but a scanty maintenance for a person of your generosity (at least as rents now are paid);” I shall see you

stand in damnable need of some auxiliary guineas for your *menu plaisirs* ; I will therefore turn fool once more for your service, and advise you to go directly to your brother.

Y. *Fash*. Art thou then so impregnable a blockhead, to believe he'll help me with a farthing.

Lory. Not if you treat him, *de haut en bas*, as you use to do.

Y. *Fash*. Why, how wouldst have me treat him ?

Lory. Like a trout, tickle him.

Y. *Fash*. I can't flatter——

Lory. Can you starve ?

Y. *Fash*. Yes——

Lory. I can't: good-by-t' ye, sir.

[*Going*.

Y. *Fash*. Stay, thou wilt distract me. What wouldst thou have me to say to him ?

Lory. Say nothing to him ; apply yourself to his favourites ; speak to his periwig, his cravat, his feather, his snuff-box, and when you are well with them——desire him to lend you a thousand pounds. I'll engage you prosper.

Y. *Fash*. 'Sdeath and furies ! Why was that coxcomb thrust into the world before me ? Oh, Fortune——Fortune——thou art a bitch, by gad——

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.

A Dressing-room. Enter Lord FOPPINGTON in his Night-gown.

L. *Fop*. Page——

Enter Page.

Page. Sir.

L. *Fop*. Sir ! Pray, sir, do me the favour to teach your tongue the title the king has thought fit to honour me with.

Page. I ask your lordship's pardon, my lord.

L. Fop. Oh, you can pronounce the word, then. I thought it would have choaked you—Dy'e hear?

Page. My lord.

L. Fop. Call La Varole, I would dress—[Exit Page. Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a man of quality—Strike me dumb—My lord—your lordship—My Lord Foppington—*Ah! c'est quelque chose de beau, que le diable m'emporte*—Why, the ladies were ready to puke at me, whilst I had nothing but Sir Novelty to recommend me to them—Sure, whilst I was but a knight, I was a very nauseous fellow—Well, 'tis ten thousand pawnd well given—stap my vitals—

Enter LA VAROLE.

La Var. Me lord, de shoemaker, de taylor, de hosier, de sempstress, de peruquier, be all ready, if your lordship please to dress.

L. Fop. 'Tis well, admit 'em.

La Var. Hey, messieurs, entrez.

Enter Taylor, &c.

L. Fop. So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to shew yourselves masters in your professions.

Tay. I think I may presume to say, sir—

La Var. My lord—you clown you.

Tay. Why, is he made a Lord?—My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon; my lord, I hope, my lord, your lordship will please to own, I have brought your lordship as accomplished a suit of clothes, as ever peer of England trod the stage in, my lord. Will your lordship please to try them now?

L. Fop. Ay; but let my people dispose the glasses so,

that I may see myself before and behind ; for I love to see myself all raund.

Whilst he puts on his Clothes, enter Young FASHION and LORY.

Y. Fash. Hey-day ! what the devil have we here ?— Sure my gentleman's gown a favourite at court, he has got so many people at his levee.

Lory. Sir, these people come in order to make him a favourite at court ; they are to establish him with the ladies.

Y. Fash. Good God ! to what an ebb of taste are women fallen, that it should be in the power of a laced coat to recommend a gallant to them——

Lory. Sir, taylors and periwig-makers are now become the bawds of the nation ; 'tis they debauch all the women.

Y. Fash. Thou say'st true ; for there's that fop now, has not, by nature, wherewithal to move a cookmaid ; and by that time these fellows have done with him, 'egad he shall melt down a countess——But now for my reception : I engage it shall be as cold a one as a courtier's to his friend, who comes to put him in mind of his promise.

L. Fop. [*To his Taylor.*] Death, and eternal tartures ! Sir, I say the packet's too high by a foot.

Tay. My lord, if it had been an inch lower it would not have held your lordship's pocket-handkerchief.

L. Fop. Rat my packet-handkerchief ! Have not I a page to carry it ? You may make him a packet up to his chin a purpose for it ; but I will not have mine come so near my face.

Tay. 'Tis not for me to dispute your lordship's fancy.

Y. Fash. [*To Lory.*] His lordship, Lory !—Did you observe that ?

Lory. Yes, sir, I always thought 'twould end there. Now, I hope, you'll have a little more respect for him.

Y. *Fash*. Respect! Damn him, for a coxcomb; now has he ruined his estate to buy a title, that he may be a fool of the first rate. But let's accost him. [*To Lord Fop.*]—Brother, I'm your humble servant.

L. *Fop*. Oh, lard, Tam! I did not expect you in England. Brother, I'm glad to see you. [*Turning to his Taylor.*] Look you, sir, I shall never be reconciled to this nauseous packet; therefore, pray get me another suit, with all manner of expedition; for this is my eternal aversion; Mrs. Callicoe, are not you of my mind?

Semp. Oh, directly, my lord! it can never be too low.

L. *Fop*. You are positively in the right on't; for the packet becomes no part of the body but the knee.

Semp. I hope your lordship is pleased with your steinkirk.

L. *Fop*. In love with it, stap my vitals. Bring your bill; you shall be paid to-morrow——

Semp. I humbly thank your honour. [*Exit.*]

L. *Fop*. Hark thee, shoemaker; these shoes an't ugly, but they don't fit me.

Shoe. My lord, methinks they fit you very well.

L. *Fop*. They hurt me just below the instep.

Shoe. [*Feeling his foot.*] My lord, they don't hurt you there.

L. *Fop*. I tell thee they pinch me execrably.

Shoe. My lord, if they pinch you I'll be bound to be hang'd, that's all.

L. *Fop*. Why, wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel?

Shoe. Your lordship may please to feel what you think fit; but that shoe does not hurt you——I think I understand my trade——

L. *Fop*. Now, by all that's great and powerful, thou art an incomprehensible coxcomb; but thou makest good shoes, and so I'll bear with thee.

Shoe. My lord, I have worked for half the people of quality in town these twenty years ; and 't is very hard I should not know when a shoe hurts, and when it don't.

L. Fop. Well, pr'ythee begone about thy business.—
[*Exit Shoe.—To the Hosier.*] Mr. Mendlegs, a word with you ; the calves of the stockings are thickened a little too much ; they make my legs look like a chairman's.

Mend. My lord, methinks they look mighty well.

L. Fop. Ay, but you are not so good a judge of those things as I am ; I have studied them all my life : therefore, pray let the next be the thickness of a crown piece less.
[*Aside.*] If the town takes notice my legs are fallen away, 't will be attributed to the violence of some new intrigue.—
[*To the Periwig-maker.*] Come, Mr. Foretop, let me see what you have done, and then the fatigue of the morning will be over.

“ *Fore.* My lord, I have done what I defy any prince in Europe to out-do ; I have made you a periwig so long, and so full of hair, it will serve you for hat and cloak in all weathers.

“ *L. Fop.* Then thou hast made me thy friend to eternity. Come, comb it out.”

Y. Fash. Well, Lory, what dost think on't ? A very friendly reception for a brother, after three years absence !

Lory. Why, sir, 't is your own fault ; we seldom care for those that don't love what we love. If you would creep into his heart, you must enter into his pleasures. —Here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him.

Y. Fash. Nor never shall, while they belong to a coxcomb.

Lory. Then, sir, you must be content to pick a hungry bone.

Y. *Fash*. No, sir, I'll crack it, and get to the marrow before I have done.

" L. *Fop*. Gad's curse! Mr. Foretop, you don't intend to put this upon me for a full periwig?

" *Fore*. Not a full one, my lord! I don't know what your lordship may please to call a full one, but I have crammed twenty ounces of hair into it.

" L. *Fop*. What it may be by weight, sir, I shall not dispute; but by tale, there are not nine hairs on a side.

" *Fore*. O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!—Why, as God shall judge me, your honour's side-face is reduced to the tip of your nose.

" L. *Fop*. My side-face may be in an eclipse, for ought I know; but I'm sure my full face is like the full-moon.

" *Fore*. Heaven bless my eye-sight! [*Rubbing his eyes.*] Sure I look through the wrong end of the perspective! for, by my faith, an't please your honour, the broadest place I see in your face does not seem to me to be two inches diameter.

" L. *Fop*. If it did it would be just two inches too broad; for a periwig to a man, should be like a mask to a woman, nothing should be seen but his eyes.

" *Fore*. My lord, I have done. If you please to have more hair in your wig I'll put it in.

" L. *Fop*. Pasitively yes.

" *Fore*. Shall I take it back now, my lord?

" L. *Fop*. No, I'll wear it to day, though it shew such a manstrous pair of cheeks; stap my vitals, I shall be taken for a trumpeter. [*Exit Fore.*]

" Y. *Fash*." Now your people of business are gone, brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's audience of you.

L. Fop. Faith, Tam, I must beg you'll excuse me at this time; for I must away to the house of lards immediately: my Lady Teasor's case is to come on to-day, and I would not be absent for the salvation of mankind. Hey, page! is the coach at the door?

Page. Yes, my lord.

L. Fop. You'll excuse me, brother.

[Going.

Y. Fash. Shall you be back at dinner?

L. Fop. As Gad shall judge me I can't tell; for 'tis passible I may dine with some of our house at Lacket's.

Y. Fash. Shall I meet you there? for I must needs talk with you.

L. Fop. That, I'm afraid, mayn't be so praper; far the lards I commonly eat with are a people of a nice conversation: and you know, Tam, your education has been a little at large: but if you'll stay here you'll find a family dinner. Hey, fellow! what is there for dinner? There's beef. I suppose my brother will eat beef. Dear Tam I'm glad to see thee in England, stap my vitals.

[Exit with his equipage.

Y. Fash. Hell and furies! is this to be borne?

Lory. Faith, sir, I could have almost given him a knock o' the pate myself.

Y. Fash. 'Tis enough—I will now show you the excess of my passion, by being very calm. Come, Lory, ay your loggerhead to mine, and, in cool blood, let us contrive his destruction.

Lory. Here comes a head, sir, would contrive it better than us both, if he would but join in the confederacy.

Enter COUPLER.

Y. Fash. By this light, old Coupler alive still!—Why, how now, match-maker—art thou here still, to plague

the world with matrimony? You old bawd, how have you the impudence to be hobbling out of your grave, twenty years after you are rotten?

Coup. When you begin to rot, sirrah, you'll go off like a pippin; one winter will send you to the devil. "What mischief brings you home again?—Ha! you young lascivious rogue you, let me put my hand into your bosom, sirrah.

"*Y. Fash.* Stand off, old Sodom.

"*Coup.* Nay, pr'ythee now don't be so coy.

"*Y. Fash.* Keep your hands to yourself, you old dog you, or I'll wring your nose off.

"*Coup.* Hast thou then been a year in Italy, and brought home a fool at last? By my conscience, the young fellows of this age profit no more by their going abroad, than they do by their going to church. Sirrah, sirrah, if you are not hanged before you come to my years, you'll know a cock from a hen." But come, I'm still a friend to thy person, though I have a contempt of thy understanding: and therefore I would willingly know thy condition, that I may see whether thou standest in need of my assistance; for widows swarm, my boy; the town's infested with them.

Y. Fash. I stand in need of any body's assistance that will help me to cut my elder brother's throat, without the risque of being hanged for him.

Coup. 'Egad, sirrah, I could help thee to do him almost as good a turn, without the danger of being burnt in the hand for it.

"*Y. Fash.* Say'st thou so, old Satan? Shew me but that, and my soul is thine.

"*Coup.* Pox o' thy soul! give me thy warm body, sirrah; I shall have a substantial title to it, when I tell thee my project.

" Y. *Fash*. Out with it then, dear dad, and take possession as soon as thou wilt.

" *Coup*. Sayest thou so, my Hephestion? Why, then, thus lies the scene—But hold—who's that? If we are heard, we are undone.

" Y. *Fash*. What, have you forgot Lory?

" *Coup*. Who, trusty Lory, is it thee?

" *Lory*. At your service, sir.

" *Coup*. Give me thy hand, old boy. 'Egad, I did not know thee again; but I remember thy honesty, though I did not thy face; I think thou hadst like to have been hanged once or twice for thy master.

" *Lory*. Sir, I was very near once having that honour.

" *Coup*. Well, live and hope; do n't be discouraged; eat with him, and drink with him, and do what he bids thee, and it may be thy reward at last, as well as another's." [To Young *Fash*.] Well, sir, you must know, I have done you the kindness to make up a match for your brother.

Y. *Fash*. I am very much beholden to you.

Coup. You may be, sirrah, before the wedding-day yet; the lady is a great heiress, fifteen hundred pounds a year, and a great bag of money; the match is concluded, the writings are drawn, and the pipkin's to be crack'd in a fortnight—Now, you must know, stripling (with respect to your mother), your brother's the son of a whore.

Y. *Fash*. Good.

Coup. He has given me a bond of a thousand pounds for helping him to this fortune, and has promised me as much more, in ready money, upon the day of marriage; which, I understand by a friend, he ne'er designs to pay me. If, therefore, you will be a generous young dog, and secure me five thousand pounds, I'll be a covetous old rogue, and help you to the lady.

Y. Fash. 'Egad if thou canst bring this about, I'll have thy statue cast in brass. But don' you dote, you old pandar you, when you talk at this rate?

Coup. That your youthful parts shall judge of.—This plump partridge, that I tell you of, lives in the country, fifty miles off, with her honoured parents, in a lonely old house, which nobody comes near; she never goes abroad, nor sees company at home. To prevent all misfortunes, she has her breeding within doors; the parson of the parish teaches her to play on the bass viol, the clerk to sing, her nurse to dress, and her father to dance. In short, nobody can give you admittance there but I; nor can I do it any other way, than by making you pass for your brother.

Y. Fash. And how the devil wilt thou do that?

Coup. Without the devil's aid, I warrant thee. Thy brother's face not one of the family ever saw; the whole business has been managed by me, and all the letters go through my hands. The last that was writ to Sir Tunbelly Clumsey (for that's the old gentleman's name) was to tell him, his lordship would be down in a fortnight, to consummate. Now, you shall go away immediately, pretend you writ that letter only to have the romantic pleasure of surprizing your mistress; fall desperately in love, as soon as you see her; make that your plea for marrying her immediately; and when the fatigue of the wedding-night's over, you shall send me a swinging purse of gold, you dog you.

Y. Fash. 'Egad, old dad, I'll put my hand in thy bosom now.

Coup. Ah, you young, hot, lusty thief, let me muzzle you. [*Kissing.*] Sirrah, let me muzzle you.

Y. Fash. Psha! the old lecher——" [*Aside.*

Coup. Well, I'll warrant thou hast not a farthing of money in thy pocket now; no, one may see it in thy face.

Y. Fash. Not a souse, by Jupiter.

Coup. Must I advance then?—Well, sirrah, be at my lodgings in half an hour, and we'll see what may be done. We'll sign and seal, and eat a pullet; and when I have given thee some further instructions, thou shalt hoist sail, and begone——[*Kissing.*]——T'other buss, and so, adieu.

Y. Fash. Um——Psha!

Coup. Ah, you young warm dog you! what a delicious night will the bride have on 't! [Exit.

Y. Fash. So, Lory, Providence, thou seest, at last takes care of men of merit. We are in a fair way to be great people.

Lory. Ay, sir, if the devil don't step between the cup and the lip, as he uses to do.

Y. Fash. Why, faith, he has played me many a damned trick, to spoil my fortune; and, 'egad, I'm almost afraid he's at work about it again now: but if I should tell thee how, thou'dst wonder at me.

Lory. Indeed, sir, I should not.

Y. Fash. How dost know?

Lory. Because, sir, I have wondered at you so often, I can wonder at you no more.

Y. Fash. No? What wouldst thou say if a qualm of conscience should spoil my design?

Lory. I would eat my words, and wonder more than ever.

Y. Fash. Why, faith, Lory, though I am a young rake-hell, and have played many a roguish trick, this is so full grown a cheat, I find I must take pains to come up to it. I have scruples——

Lory. They are strong symptoms of death; if you find they increase, pray, sir, make your will.

Y. Fash. No, my conscience shan't starve me neither. But thus far I'll hearken to it; before I execute this project,

I'll try my brother to the bottom; I'll speak to him with the temper of a philosopher; my reasons (though they press him home) shall yet be cloth'd with so much modesty, not one of all the truths they urge, shall be so naked to offend his sight. If he has yet so much humanity about him, as to assist me, (though with a moderate aid) I'll drop my project at his feet, and shew him how I can do for him, much more than what I ask he 'd do for me.—This one conclusive trial of him I resolve to make——

*Succeed or no, still victory's my lot;
If I subdue his heart 't is well; if not,
I shall subdue my conscience to my plot.*

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter LOVELESS and AMANDA.

Loveless.

How do you like these lodgings, my dear? For my part I am so well pleased with them, I shall hardly remove whilst we stay in town, if you are satisfied.

Aman. I am satisfied with every thing that pleases you; else I had not come to town at all.

Love. Oh, a little of the noise and bustle of the world sweetens the pleasures of retreat! We shall find the charms of retirement doubled, when we return to it.

Aman. That pleasing prospect will be my chiefest entertainment, whilst, much against my will, I am obliged to stand surrounded with these empty pleasures, which 't is so much the fashion to be fond of.

Love. I own most of them are, indeed, but empty; nay, so empty, that one would wonder by what magic power they

act, when they induce us to be vicious for their sakes ; yet some there are we may speak kindlier of ; there are delights, of which a private life is destitute, which may divert an honest man, and be a harmless entertainment to a virtuous woman. The conversation of the town is one ; and truly (with some small allowances), the plays, I think, may be esteemed another.

Aman. The plays, I must confess, have some small charms ; and would have more, would they restrain that loose, obscene encouragement to vice, which shocks, if not the virtue of some women, at least, the modesty of all.

Love. But, till that reformation can be made, I would not leave the wholesome corn, for some intruding tares, that grow among it. Doubtless, the moral of a well-wrought scene is of prevailing force—Last night there happened one that moved me strangely.

Aman. Pray, what was that ?

Love. Why, 't was about—but 'tis not worth repeating.

Aman. Yes, pray, let me know it.

Love. No, I think 't is as well let alone.

Aman. Nay, now you make me have a mind to know.

Love. 'T was a foolish thing. You 'd perhaps grow jealous, should I tell it you, though without a cause, Heaven knows.

Aman. I shall begin to think I have cause, if you persist in making it a secret.

Love. I'll then convince you you have none, by making it no longer so. Know, then, I happened, in the play, to find my very character, only with the addition of a relapse ; which struck me so, I put a sudden stop to a most harmless entertainment, which, till then, diverted me between the acts : it was to admire the workmanship of nature, in the face of a young lady, that sat at some distance from me ; she was so exquisitely handsome——

Aman. So exquisitely handsome !

Love. Why do you repeat my words, my dear ?

Aman. Because you seemed to speak them with such pleasure, I thought I might oblige you with their echo.

Love. Then you are alarm'd, Amanda ?

Aman. It is my duty to be so, when you are in danger.

Love. You are too quick in apprehending for me. All will be well, when you have heard me out. I do confess I gazed upon her ; nay, eagerly I gazed upon her.

Aman. Eagerly ! that 's with desire.

Love. No, I desired her not. I view'd her with a world of admiration, but not one glance of love.

Aman. Take heed of trusting to such nice distinctions.

Love. I did take heed ; for, observing in the play, that he who seemed to represent me there, was, by an accident like this, unwarily surprised into a net, in which he lay a poor entangled slave, and brought a train of mischiefs on his head ; I snatched my eyes away ; they pleaded hard for leave to look again ; but I grew absolute, and they obeyed.

Aman. Were they the only things that were inquisitive ? Had I been in your place, my tongue, I fancy had been curious too. I should have asked her name, and where she lived (yet still without design)—Who was she, pray ?

Love. Indeed I cannot tell.

Aman. You will not tell.

Love. By all that 's sacred then, I did not ask.

Aman. Nor do you know what company was with her ?

Love. I do not.

Aman. Then I am calm again.

Love. Why were you disturb'd ?

Aman. Had I then no cause ?

Love. None, certainly.

Aman. I thought I had.

Love. But you thought wrong, Amanda: for, turn the case, and let it be your story: should you come home, and tell me you had seen a handsome man, should I grow jealous, because you had eyes?

Aman. But should I tell you he were exquisitely so; that I had gazed on him with admiration; that I had looked with eager eyes upon him; should you not think 't were possible I might go one step further, and enquire his name?

Love. [*Aside.*] She has reason on her side! I have talked too much; but I must turn it off another way. [*To Aman.*] Will you then make no difference, Amanda, between the language of our sex and your's?—There is a modesty restrains your tongues, which makes you speak by halves, when you commend; but roving flattery gives a loose to ours, which makes us still speak double what we think. You should not, therefore, in so strict a sense, take what I said to her advantage.

Aman. “Those flights of flattery, sir, are to our faces “only. When women once are out of hearing, you are as “modest in your commendations as we are.—But I sha’n’t “put you to the trouble of further excuses.” If you please, this business shall rest here. Only give me leave to wish, both for your peace and mine, that you may never meet this miracle of beauty more.

Love. I am content.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, there is a young lady at the door, in a chair, desires to know whether your ladyship sees company. I think her name is Berinthia.

Aman. Oh, dear! 'tis a relation I have not seen these five years. Pray her to walk in. [*Exit Servant.*]—[*To Love.*]

Here's another beauty for you. She was young when I saw her last; but I fear she's grown extremely handsome.

Love. Don't be jealous, now; for I shall gaze upon her too.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ha! By heavens, the very woman! *[Aside.*

Ber. *[Saluting Amanda.]* Dear Amanda, I did not expect to meet with you in town.

Aman. Sweet cousin, I'm overjoyed to see you. *[To Love.]* Mr. Loveless, here's a relation and a friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

Love. *[Saluting Ber.]* If my wife never desires a harder thing, madam, her request will be easily granted.

Ber. *[To Amanda.]* I think, madam, I ought to wish you joy.

Aman. Joy! upon what?

Ber. Upon your marriage. You were a widow when I saw you last.

Love. You ought rather, madam, to wish me joy upon that, since I am the only gainer.

Ber. If she has got so good a husband as the world reports, she has gained enough to expect the compliment of her friends upon it.

Love. If the world is so favourable to me, to allow I deserve that title, I hope 't is so just to my wife, to own I derive it from her.

Ber. Sir, 't is so just to you both, to own you are, and deserve to be, the happiest pair that live in it.

Love. I'm afraid we shall lose that character, madam, whenever you happen to change your condition.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Foppington presents his humble service to you, and desires to know how you do. He but just now heard you were in town. He's at the next door; and, if it be not inconvenient, he'll come and wait upon you.

Love. Lord Foppington!—I know him not.

Ber. Not his dignity, perhaps, but you do his person. 'Tis Sir Novelty; he has bought a barony, in order to marry a great fortune. His patent has not been passed above eight-and-forty hours, and he has already sent how-do-ye's to all the town, to make them acquainted with his title.

Love. Give my service to his lordship, and let him know I am proud of the honour he intends me. [*Exit Serv.*] Sure this addition of quality must have so improved this coxcomb, he can't but be very good company for a quarter of an hour.

Aman. Now it moves my pity more than my mirth, to see a man whom nature has made no fool, be so very industrious to pass for an ass.

Love. No, there you are wrong, Amanda; you should never bestow your pity upon those who take pains for your contempt; pity those whom nature abuses, but never those who abuse nature.

“ *Ber.* Besides, the town would be robbed of one of its
“ chiefest diversions, if it should become a crime to laugh
“ at a fool.

“ *Aman.* I could never yet perceive the town inclined to
“ part with any of its diversions, for the sake of their being
“ crimes; but I have seen it very fond of some, I think,
“ had little else to recommend them,

“ *Ber.* I doubt, Amanda, you are grown its enemy, you
“ speak with so much warmth against it.

"*Aman.* I must confess I am not much its friend.

"*Ber.* Then give me leave to make you mine, by not
"engaging in its quarrel.

"*Aman.* You have many stronger claims than that, *Berinthia*, whenever you think fit to plead your title.

"*Love.* You have done well to engage a second, my dear;
"for here comes one will be apt to call you to an account
"for your country principles."

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON.

L. Fop. [*To Love.*] Sir, I am your most humble servant.

Love. I wish you joy, my lord.

L. Fop. Oh, lard, sir!——Madam, your ladyship's
welcome to tawn.

Aman. I wish your lordship joy.

L. Fop. Oh, heavens, madam!——

Love. My lord, this young lady is a relation of my wife's.

L. Fop. [*Saluting her.*] The beautifulest race of people
upon earth, rat me. Dear Loveless, I am overjoyed to see
you have brought your family to tawn again: I am, stap my
vitals.——[*Aside.*] For I design to lie with your wife——
[*To Aman.*] Far Gad's sake, madam, haw has your lady-
ship been able to subsist thus long, under the fatigue of a
country life?

Aman. My life has been very far from that, my lord, it
has been a very quiet one.

L. Fop. Why that's the fatigue I speak of, madam;
for 'tis impossible to be quiet, without thinking:—now
thinking is to me the greatest fatigue in the world.

Aman. Does not your lordship love reading then?

L. Fop. Oh, passionately, madam——But I never think
of what I read.

Ber. Why, can your lordship read without thinking?

L. Fop. Oh, lard——can your ladyship pray without devotion, madam?

Aman. Well, I must own I think books the best entertainment in the world.

L. Fop. I am so much of your ladyship's mind, madam, that I have a private gallery, where I walk sometimes, is furnished with nothing but books and looking-glasses. Madam, I have gilded them and ranged them so prettily, before Gad, it is the most entertaining thing in the world to walk and look upon them.

Aman. Nay, I love a neat library too; but 't is, I think, the inside of a book should recommend it most to us.

L. Fop. That, I must confess, I am not altogether so fond of: far to my mind the inside of a book, is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now, I think, a man of quality and breeding, may be much diverted with the natural sprouts of his own. But to say the truth, madam, let a man love reading never so well, when once he comes to know this tawn, he finds so many better ways of passing away the four-and-twenty hours, that 'twere ten thousand pities he should consume his time in that. Far example, madam, my life; my life, madam, is a perpetual stream of pleasure, that glides through with such a variety of entertainments, I believe the wisest of our ancestors never had the least conception of any of them. I rise, madam, about ten o'clock. I don't rise sooner, because 'tis the worst thing in the world for the complexion; nat that I pretend to be a beau; but a man must endeavour to look wholesome, lest he make so nauseous a figure in the side-bax, the ladies should be compelled to turn their eyes upon the play. So at ten o'clock, I say, I rise. Naw, if I find it a good day, I resolve to take a turn

in the park, and see the fine women; so huddle on my clothes, and get dressed by one. If it be nasty weather, I take a turn in the chocolate house: where, as you walk, madam, you have the prettiest prospect in the world: you have looking glasses all around you——But I'm afraid I tire the company.

Ber. Not at all; pray go on.

L. Fop. Why then, ladies, from thence I go to dinner at Lacket's, and there you are so nicely and delicately served, that, stap my vitals, they can compose you a dish, no bigger than a saucer, shall come to fifty shillings; between eating my dinner, and washing my mouth, ladies, I spend my time, till I go to the play; where, till nine o'clock, I entertain myself looking upon the company; and usually dispose of one hour more in leading them out. So there's twelve of the four-and-twenty pretty well over. The other twelve, madam, are disposed of in two articles: in the first four I toast myself drunk, and in t'other eight I sleep myself sober again. Thus, ladies, you see my life is an eternal raund O of delights.

Love. 'T is a heavenly one, indeed.

Aman. But, my lord, you beaux spend a great deal of your time in intrigues. You have given us no account of them yet.

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] Soh, she would enquire into my amours——That's jealousy——She begins to be in love with me. [*To Aman.*] Why, madam——as to time for my intrigues, I usually make detachments of it from my other pleasures, according to exigency. Far your ladyship may please to take notice, that those who intrigue with women of quality, have rarely occasion for above half an hour at a time: people of that rank being under those decorums, they can seldom give you a larger view, than will just serve

to shoot them flying. So that the course of my other pleasures is not very much interrupted by my amours.

Love. But your lordship now is become a pillar of the state; you must attend the weighty affairs of the nation.

L. Fop. Sir—as to weighty affairs—I leave them to weighty heads. I never intend mine shall be a burden to my body.

Love. Oh, but you'll find the house will expect your attendance.

L. Fop. Sir, you'll find the house will compound for my appearance.

Love. But your friends will take it ill if you don't attend their particular causes.

L. Fop. Not, sir, if I come time enough to give them my particular vote.

Ber. But pray, my lord, how do you dispose of your self on Sundays? for that, methinks, should hang wretchedly on your hands.

L. Fop. Why faith, madam—Sunday—is a vile day, I must confest; I intend to move for leave to bring in a bill, that players may work upon it, as well as the hackney coaches. Though this I must say for the government, it leaves us the churches to entertain us—But then again they begin so abominably early, a man must rise by candle-light to get dressed by the psalm.

Ber. Pray, which church does your lordship most oblige with your presence.

L. Fop. Oh, St. James's, madam—There's much the best company.

Aman. Is there good preaching too?

L. Fop. Why faith, madam—I can't tell. A man must have very little to do there, that can give an account of the sermon.

Ber. You can give us an account of the ladies, at least.

L. Fop. Or I deserve to be excommunicated—There is my Lady Tattle, and my Lady Prate, my Lady Titter, my Lady Leer, my Lady Giggle, and my Lady Grin: these sit in the front of the boxes, and all church-time are the prettiest company in the world, stap my vitals. [*To Aman.*] May not we hope for the honour to see your ladyship added to our society, madam?

Aman. Alas, my lord, I am the worst company in the world at church: I'm apt to mind the prayers, or the sermon, or——

L. Fop. One is indeed strangely apt at church to mind what one should not do. But I hope, madam, at one time or other, I shall have the honour to lead your ladyship to your coach there. [*Aside.*] Methinks she seems strangely pleased with every thing I say to her—'Tis a vast pleasure to receive encouragement from a woman before her husband's face—I have a good mind to pursue my conquest, and speak the thing plainly to her at once—'Egad I'll do't, and that in so cavalier a manner, she shall be surprised at it—Ladies, I'll take my leave: I'm afraid I begin to grow troublesome with the length of my visit.

Aman. Your lordship is too entertaining to grow troublesome any where.

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] That now was as much as if she had said—pray lie with me. I'll let her see I'm quick of apprehension. [*To Aman.*] Oh, lard, madam, I had like to have forgot a secret, I must needs tell your ladyship. [*To Love.*] Ned, you must not be so jealous now as to listen.

Love. Not I, my lord; I'm too fashionable a husband to pry into the secrets of my wife.

L. Fop. [*To Aman. squeezing her hand.*] I am in love with you to desperation, strike me speechless.

Aman. [*Giving him a box o' the ear.*] Then thus I return your passion—An impudent fool!

L. Fop. Gad's curse, madam, I'm a peer of the realm.

Love. Hey! what the devil do you affront my wife, sir? Nay then—[*They draw and fight. The women run shrieking for help.*]

Aman. Ah! What has my folly done? "Help! murder! "help!—Part them, for Heaven's sake."

L. Fop. [*Falling back, and leaning upon his sword.*]—Ah—quite through the body—stap my vitals.

Enter Servants.

Love. [*Running to him.*] I hope I ha'n't killed the fool, however—Bear him up! Where's your wound?

L. Fop. Just through the guts.

Love. Call a surgeon there: unbutton him quickly.

L. Fop. Ay, pray make haste.

Love. This mischief you may thank yourself for.

L. Fop. I may so—Love's the devil, indeed, Ned.

Enter SYRINGE and Servant.

Serv. Here's Mr. Syringe, sir, was just going by the door.

L. Fop. He's the welcomest man alive.

Syringe. Stand by, stand by, stand by. Pray, gentlemen, stand by, Lord have mercy upon us! Did you never see a man run through the body before? Pray stand by.

L. Fop. Ah, Mr. Syringe—I'm a dead man.

Syringe. A dead man, and I by—I should laugh to see that, 'egad.

Love. Pr'ythee, don't stand prating, but look upon his wound.

Syringe. Why, what if I won't look upon his wound this hour, sir?

Love. Why then he'll bleed to death, sir.

Syringe. Why then I'll fetch him to life again, sir.

Love. 'Slife, he's run through the guts, I tell thee.

Syringe. Would he were run through the heart, I should get the more credit by his cure. Now I hope you are satisfied?—Come, now let me come at him; now let me come at him. [*Viewing his wound.*] Oons, what a gash is here!—Why, sir, a man may drive a coach and six horses into your body.

L. Fop. Ho——

Syringe. Why, what the devil have you run the gentleman through with a scythe?—[*Aside.*] A little prick between the skin and the ribs, that's all.

Love. Let me see his wound.

Syringe. Then you shall dress it, sir; for if any body looks upon it, I won't.

Love. Why, thou art the veriest coxcomb I ever saw.

Syringe. Sir, I am not master of my trade for nothing.

L. Fop. Surgeon!

Syringe. Well, sir.

L. Fop. Is there any hopes?

Syringe. Hopes!—I can't tell—What are you willing to give for your cure?

L. Fop. Five hundred pounds with pleasure.

Syringe. Why then perhaps there may be hopes. But we must avoid further delay. Here, help the gentleman into a chair, and carry him to my house presently, that's the properest place, [*Aside.*] to bubble him out of his money.—Come, a chair, a chair quickly—There, in with him.

[*They put him into a chair.*]

L. Fop. Dear Loveless—Adieu. If I die—I forgive

thee ; and if I live—I hope thou wilt do as much by me. I am very sorry you and I should quarrel ; but I hope here's an end on't, for if you are satisfied—I am.

Love. I shall hardly think it worth my prosecuting any further, so you may be at rest, sir.

L. Fop. Thou art a generous fellow, strike me dumb.—
[*Aside.*] But thou hast an impertinent wife, stap my vitals.

Syringe. So, carry him off, carry him off, we shall have him prate himself into a fever by and by ; carry him off.

[*Exit Servant with Lord Foppington.*]

Aman. Now on my knees, my dear, let me ask your pardon for my indiscretion, my own I never shall obtain.

Love. Oh, there's no harm done : you served him well.

Aman. He did indeed deserve it. But I tremble to think how dear my indiscreet resentment might have cost you.

Love. Oh, no matter, never trouble yourself about that.

“ *Ber.* For Heaven's sake, what was't he did to you ?

“ *Aman.* Oh, nothing ; he only squeezed me kindly by
“ the hand, and frankly offered me a coxcomb's heart. I
“ know I was to blame to resent it as I did, since nothing
“ but a quarrel could ensue. But the fool so surprized me
“ with his insolence, I was not mistress of my fingers.

“ *Ber.* Now I dare swear he thinks you had them at great
“ command, they obeyed you so readily.”

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. Save you, save you, good people ; I'm glad so find you all alive ; I met a wounded peer carrying off : for Heaven's sake what was the matter ?

Love. Oh, a trifle ? he would have lain with my wife before my face, so she obliged him with a box of the ear, and I run him through the body : that was all.

Wor. Bagatelle on all sides. But, pray, madam, how long has this noble lord been an humble servant of yours?

Aman. This is the first I have heard on't. So, I suppose 'tis his quality, more than his love, has brought him into this adventure. He thinks his title an authentic passport to every woman's heart, below the degree of a peeress.

Wor. He's coxcomb enough to think any thing.—But I would not have you brought into trouble for him: I hope there's no danger of his life?

Love. None at all: he's fallen into the hands of a roguish surgeon, who, I perceive, designs to frighten a little money out of him. But I saw his wound, 'tis nothing; he may go to the play to-night, if he pleases.

Wor. I'm glad you have corrected him without farther mischief. And now, sir, if these ladies have no farther service for you, you'll oblige me if you can go to the place I spoke to you of t'other day.

Love. With all my heart. [*Aside.*] Though I could wish, methinks, to stay and gaze a little longer on that creature. Good gods! how beautiful she is—But what have I to do with beauty? I have already had my portion, and must not covet more. Come, sir, when you please. [*To Wor.*

Wor. Ladies, your servant.

Aman. Mr. Loveless, pray one word with you before you go.

Love. “ [*To Wor.*] I'll overtake you, sir.” What would my dear? [*Exit Worthy.*

Aman. Only a woman's foolish question. How do you like my cousin here?

Love. Jealous already, Amanda?

Aman. Not at all; I ask you for another reason.

Love. [*Aside.*] Whate'er her reason be, I must not tell her true. [*To Aman.*] Why, I confess she's handsome.—But you must not think I slight your kinswoman, if I own to

you, of all the women who may claim the character, she is the last would triumph in my heart.

Aman. I'm satisfied.

Love. Now tell me why you ask'd?

Aman. At night I will. Adieu.

Love. I'm yours. [*Kissing her.*] [*Exit Love.*]

Aman. [*Aside.*] I'm glad to find he does not like her; for I have a great mind to persuade her to come and live with me. [*To Ber.*] Now, dear Berinthia, let me enquire a little into your affairs: for I do assure you, I am enough your friend, to interest myself in every thing that concerns you.

Ber. You formerly have given me such proofs on't, I should be very much to blame to doubt it; I am sorry I have no secrets to trust you with, that I might convince you how entire a confidence I durst repose in you.

Aman. Why is it possible, that one so young and beautiful as you, should live and have no secrets?

Ber. What secrets do you mean?

Aman. Lovers.

Ber. O twenty; but not one secret one amongst 'em. Lovers in this age have too much honour to do any thing under-hand; they do all above-board.

Aman. That now, methinks, would make me hate a man.

“ *Ber.* But the women of the town are of another mind:
“ for by this means a lady may (with the expence of a few
“ coquet glances) lead twenty fools about in a string, for
“ two or three years together. Whereas, if she should al-
“ low 'em greater favours and oblige them to secrecy, she
“ would not keep one of 'em a fortnight.

“ *Aman.* There's something indeed in that to satisfy the
“ vanity of a woman; but I can't comprehend how the men
“ find their account in it.

“ *Ber.* Their entertainment, I must confess, is a riddle
 “ to me : for there’s very few of them ever get farther than
 “ a bow and an ogle. I have half a score for my share,
 “ who follow me all over the town; and at the play, the
 “ park, and the church, do (with their eyes) say the vio-
 “ lent’st things to me—but I never hear any more of ’em.

“ *Aman.* What can be the reason of that ?

“ *Ber.* One reason is, they don’t know how to go farther.
 “ They have had so little practice, they don’t understand
 “ the trade. But besides their ignorance, you must know,
 “ there is not one of my half-score lovers but what follows
 “ half a score mistresses. Now their affections being di-
 “ vided amongst so many are not strong enough for any
 “ one, to make ’em pursue her to the purpose. Like a
 “ young puppy in a warren, they have a flirt at all, and
 “ catch none.

“ *Aman.* Yet they seem to have a torrent of love to dis-
 “ pose of.

“ *Ber.* They have so : but ’t is like the river of a modern
 “ philosopher, (whose works, though a woman, I have read)
 “ it sets out with a violent stream, splits in a thousand
 “ branches, and is all lost in the sands.

“ *Aman.* But do you think this river of love runs all its
 “ course without doing any mischief? Do you think it
 “ overflows nothing ?

“ *Ber.* O, yes; ’tis true it never breaks into any body’s
 “ ground that has the least fence about it; but overflows
 “ all the commons that lie in its way. And this is the ut-
 “ most achievement of those dreadful champions in the field
 “ of love—the beau.”

Aman. But pr’ythee, Berinthia, instruct me a little far-
 ther, for I’m so great a novice, I’m almost ashamed on’t.
 My husband’s leaving me whilst I was young and fond,

threw me into that depth of discontent, that ever since I have led so private and recluse a life, my ignorance is scarce conceivable. I therefore fain would be instructed: not (Heaven knows) that what you call intrigues have any charms for me: the practic part of all unlawful love is——

Ber. O! 'tis abominable: but for the speculative; that, we must all confess, is entertaining. The conversation of all the virtuous women in the town turns upon that and new clothes.

Aman. Pray be so just then to me, to believe, 'tis with a world of innocency I would enquire, whether you think those women we call women of reputation do really escape all other men, as they do those shadows of 'em—the beaus.

Ber. O no, Amanda: there's a sort of men make dreadful work amongst 'em: men that may be called the beaus' antipathy; for they agree in nothing but walking upon two legs. These have brains: the beau has none. These are in love with their mistress: the beau with himself. They take care of her reputation: he's industrious to destroy it. They are decent: he's a fop. They are men: he's an ass.

Aman. If this be their character, I fancy we had here, e'en now, a pattern of 'em both.

Ber. His Lordship and Mr. Worthy.

Aman. The same.

Ber. As for the lord he's eminently so: and for the other, I can assure you, there's not a man in town who has a better interest with the women, that are worth having an interest with. But 'tis all private: “he's like a back stair minister at court, who, whilst the reputed favourites “are sauntering in the bed-chamber, is ruling the roast in “the closet.

“*Aman.* He answers then the opinion I had ever of him.
“Heavens! what a difference there is between a man like

"him, and that vain nauseous fop, Sir Novelty. [*Taking her band.*]" I must acquaint you with a secret, cousin; 'tis not that fool alone has talk'd to me of love, Worthy has been tampering too: 'tis true, he has done it in vain; not all his charms or art have power to shake me. My love, my duty, and my virtue, are such faithful guards, I need not fear my heart should e'er betray me. But what I wonder at is this: I find I did not start at his proposal, as when it came from one whom I contemn'd. "I therefore mention this attempt, that I may learn from you whence it proceeds; that vice which cannot change its nature, should so far change at least its shape, as that the self-same crime proposed from one, shall seem a monster gaping at your ruin, when from another it shall look so kind, as though it were your friend, and never meant to harm you." Whence think you can this difference proceed? for 'tis not love, Heaven knows.

Ber. O, no; I would not for the world believe it were.—But possibly, should there a dreadful sentence pass upon you, to undergo the rage of both their passions; the pain you apprehend from one might seem so trivial to the other, the danger would not quite so much alarm you.

Aman. Fie, fie, Berinthia, you would indeed alarm me, could you incline me to a thought, that all the merit of mankind combined could shake that tender love I bear my husband: no, he sits triumphant in my heart, and nothing can dethrone him.

Ber. But should he abdicate again, do you think you should preserve the throne ten tedious winters more, in hopes of his return?

Aman. Indeed I think I should. Though I confess, after those obligations he has to me, should he abandon me once more, my heart would grow extremely urgent with me to root him thence, and cast him out for ever."

Ber. Were I that thing they call a slighted wife, somebody should run the risk of being that thing they call—a husband.

Aman. O fie, Berinthia, no revenge should ever be taken against a husband: but to wrong his bed is a vengeance, which of all vengeance——

Ber. Is the sweetest, ha, ha, ha!—Don't I talk madly?

Aman. Madly indeed.

Ber. Yet I'm very innocent.

Aman. That I dare swear you are. I know how to make allowances for your humour: you were always very entertaining company; but I find since marriage and widowhood have shewn you the world a little, you are very much improved.

Ber. [*Aside.*] Alack-a-day, there has gone more than that to improve me, if she knew all.

Aman. For Heaven's sake, Berinthia, tell me what way I shall take to persuade you to come and live with me?

Ber. Why, one way in the world there is——and but one.

Aman. Pray which is that?

Ber. It is to assure me—I shall be very welcome.

Aman. If that be all, you shall e'en lie here to-night.

Ber. To night?

Aman. Yes, to-night.

Ber. Why, the people where I lodge will think me mad.

Aman. Let 'em think what they please.

Ber. Say you so, Amanda? Why, then they shall think what they please—for I'm a young widow, and I care not what any body thinks. Ah, Amanda! it's a delicious thing to be a young widow.

Aman. You'll hardly make me think so.

Ber. Phu, because you are in love with your husband: but that is not every woman's case.

Aman. I hope 't was yours at least.

Ber. Mine, say ye? Now I have a great mind to tell you a lie, but I should do it so awkwardly, you'd find me out.

Aman. Then e'en speak the truth.

Ber. Shall I?—Then, after all, I did love him, Amanda—as a nun does penance.

Aman. Why did you not refuse to marry him then?

Ber. Because my mother would have whipped me.

Aman. How did you live together?

Ber. Like man and wife—asunder. He lov'd the country, I the town; he hawks and hounds, I coaches and equipage; he eating and drinking, I carding and playing: he the sound of a horn, I the squeak of a fiddle; we were dull company at table, worse in bed: whenever we met we gave one another the spleen, and never agreed but once, which was about lying alone.

Aman. But tell me one thing truly and sincerely.

“*Ber.* What's that?”

Aman. Notwithstanding all these jars, did not his death at last extremely trouble you?

Ber. O, yes; “not that my present pangs were so very “violent, but the after-pains were intolerable.” I was forced to wear a beastly widow's band a twelvemonth for't.

Aman. Women, I find, have different inclinations.

Ber. Women, I find, keep different company. When your husband ran away from you, if you had fallen into some of my acquaintance 'twould have sav'd you many a tear. But you go and live with a grandmother, a bishop, and an old nurse, which was enough to make any woman break her heart for her husband. Pray, Amanda, if ever you are a widow again, keep yourself so, as I do.

Aman. Why, do you then resolve you'll never marry?

Ber. O, no; I resolve I will.

Aman. How so?

Ber. That I never may.

Aman. You banter me.

Ber. Indeed I do n't. But I consider I'm a woman, and form my resolutions accordingly.

Aman. Well, my opinion is, form what resolution you will, matrimony will be the end on't.

Ber. Faith it won't.

Aman. How do you know?

Ber. I'm sure on't.

Aman. Why, do you think 't is impossible for you to fall in love?

Ber. No.

Aman. Nay, but to grow so passionately fond, that nothing but the man you love can give you rest.

Ber. Well, what then?

Aman. Why, then you'll marry him?

Ber. How do you know that?

Aman. Why, what can you do else?

Ber. Nothing—but sit and cry.

Aman. Psha!

Ber. Ah, poor Amanda! you have led a country life: but if you'll consult the widows of this town, they'll tell you you should never take a lease of a house you can hire for a quarter's warning.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lord Foppington and Servant.

Lord Foppington.

HEY, fellow, let the coach come to the door.

Serv. Will your lordship venture so soon to expose yourself to the weather?

L. *Fop*. Sir, I will venture as soon as I can to expose myself to the ladies: “ though give me my cloak, however; “ for in that side-bax, what between the air that comes in “ at the door on one side, and the intolerable warmth of “ the masks on ’t other, a man gets so many heats and colds, “ ’t would destroy the canstitution of a harse.

Serv. “ [*Putting on his cloak.*]” I wish your lordship would please to keep house a little longer; I ’m afraid your honour does not well consider your wound.

L. *Fop*. My wound!—I would not be in eclipse another day, though I had as many wounds in my guts as I have had in my heart.

Enter Young FASHION.

Y. *Fash*. Brother, your servant. How do you find yourself to-day?

L. *Fop*. So well, that I have arder’d my coach to the door. So there ’s no great danger of death this baut, Tam.

Y. *Fash*. I ’m very glad of it.

L. *Fop*. [*Aside.*] That I believe ’s a lie. Pr’y thee, Tam, tell me one thing:—Did not your heart cut a caper up to your mouth when you heard I was run through the bady?

Y. *Fash*. Why do you think it should?

L. *Fop*. Because I remember mine did so, when I heard my father was shat through the head.

Y. *Fash*. It then did very ill.

L. *Fop*. Pr’y thee why so?

Y. *Fash*. Because he us’d you very well.

L. *Fop*. Well!—naw strike me dumb, he starv’d me. He has let me want a thausand women for want of a thausand paund.

Y. *Fash*. Then he hindered you from making a great

many ill bargains; for I think no woman is worth money that will take money.

L. Fop. If I were a younger brother I should think so too.

Y. Fash. Why, is it possible you can value a woman that is to be bought?

L. Fop. Pr'ythee why not as well as a pad-nag?

Y. Fash. Because a woman has a heart to dispose of; a horse has none.

L. Fop. Look you, Tam—of all things that belong to a woman, I have an aversion to her heart; far when once a woman has given you her heart—you can never get rid of the rest of her body.

Y. Fash. This is strange doctrine: But pray, in your amours, how is it with your own heart?

L. Fop. Why, my heart in my amours—is like—my heart out of my amours—*a la glace*. My body, Tam, is a watch; and my heart is the pendulum to it; whilst the finger runs round to every hour in the circle, that still beats the same time.

Y. Fash. Then you are seldom much in love?

L. Fop. Never, stap my vitals.

Y. Fash. Why then did you make all this bustle about Amanda?

L. Fop. Because she was a woman of an insolent virtue, and I thought myself piqu'd in honour to debauch her.

Y. Fash. Very well. [*Aside.*] Here's a rare fellow for you, to have the spending of five thousand pounds a-year.—But now for my business with him. [*To Lord. Fop.*] Brother, though I know to talk of business (especially of money) is a theme not quite so entertaining to you as that of the ladies, my necessities are such, I hope you will have patience to hear me.

L. Fop. The greatness of your necessities, Tam, is the

worst argument in the world for your being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make a very good speech, but, strike me dumb, it has the worst beginning of any speech I have heard this twelvemonth.

Y. Fash. I'm very sorry you think so.

L. Fop. I do believe thou art. But come, let's know thy affair quickly; for 'tis a new play, and I shall be so rumpled and squeezed with pressing through the crowd, to get to my servant, that the women will think I have lain all night in my clothes.

Y. Fash. Why then (that I may not be the author of so great a misfortune) my case, in a word, is this:—The necessary expences of my travels have so much exceeded the wretched income of my annuity, that I have been forced to mortgage it for five hundred pounds, which is spent; so that unless you are so kind to assist me in redeeming it, I know of no remedy but to take a purse.

L. Fop. Why faith, Tam—to give you my sense of the thing, I do think taking a purse the best remedy in the world; for if you succeed, you are relieved that way; if you are taken—you are relieved t' other.

Y. Fash. I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a humour, I hope I shall find the effects on 't.

L. Fop. Why, do you then really think it a reasonable thing I should give you five hundred pounds?

Y. Fash. I do not ask it as a due, brother, I am willing to receive it as a favour.

L. Fop. Thou art willing to receive it any how, strike me speechless. But these are damned times to give money in: taxes are so great, repairs so exorbitant, tenants such rogues, and periwigs so dear, that the devil take me, I am reduced to that extremity in my cash, I have been forc'd to retrench in that one article of sweet powder, till I have brought it

down to five guineas a manth. Now judge, Tam, whether I can spare you five hundred paunds.

Y. *Fash*. If you can't I must starve, that's all.—[*Aside*.] Damn him.

L. *Fop*. All I can say, is—you should have been a better husband.

Y. *Fash*. 'Oons, if you can't live upon five thousand a-year, how do you think I should do't upon two hundred?

L. *Fop*. Don't be in a passion, Tam; far passion is the most unbecoming thing in the world—to the face.—Look you, I don't love to say any thing to you to make you melancholy; but upon this occasion I must take leave to put you in mind, that a running horse does require more attendance than a coach horse. Nature has made some difference 'twixt you and I.

Y. *Fash*. Yes, she has made you older.—[*Aside*.] Pox take her.

L. *Fop*. That is nat all, Tam.

Y. *Fash*. Why, what is there else?

L. *Fop*. [*Looking first upon himself, then upon his brother*.]—Ask the ladies.

Y. *Fash*. Why, thou essence bottle! thou musk cat! dost thou then think thou hast any advantage over me, but what fortune has given thee?

L. *Fop*. I do—stap my vitals.

Y. *Fash*. Now, by all that's great and powerful, thou art the prince of coxcombs!

L. *Fop*. Sir—I am praud of being at the head of so prevailing a party.

Y. *Fash*. Will nothing then provoke thee?—Draw, coward.

L. *Fop*. Look you, Tam, you know I have always taken you for a mighty dull fellow, and here is one of the foolishhest

plats broke out that I have seen a long time. Your poverty makes your life so burthensome to you, you would provoke me to a quarrel, in hopes either to slip through my lungs into my estate, or to get yourself run through the guts, to put an end to your pain. But I will disappoint you in both your designs; far, with the temper of a philosopher, and the discretion of a statesman—I will go to the play with my sword in my scabbard. *[Exit.]*

Y. Fash. So! Farewell, snuff-box. And now, conscience, I defy thee. Lory!

Enter LORY.

Lory. Sir.

Y. Fash. Here's rare news, Lory; his lordship has given me a pill that has purged off all my scruples.

Lory. Then my heart's at ease again: for I have been in a lamentable fright, sir, ever since your conscience had the impudence to intrude into your company.

Y. Fash. Be at peace, it will come there no more: my brother has given it a wring by the nose, and I have kicked it down stairs. So run away to the inn; get the horses ready quickly, and bring them to old Coupler's, without a moment's delay.

Lory. Then, sir, you are going straight about the fortune.

Y. Fash. I am: away; fly, Lory.

Lory. The happiest day I ever saw. I'm upon the wing already. *[Exeunt several ways.]*

SCENE II.

A Garden. Enter LOVELESS and a Servant.

Love. Is my wife within?

Serv. No, sir, she has been gone out this half hour.

Love. 'T is well; leave me.

[*Exit* Servant.]

- " Sure, Fate has yet some business to be done,
" Before Amanda's heart and mine must rest;
" Else, why amongst those legions of her sex,
" Which throng the world,
" Should she pick out for her companion
" The only one on earth
" Whom Nature hath endow'd for her undoing?
" Undoing was't I said?—Who shall undo her?
" Is not her empire fix'd? Am I not hers?
" Did she not rescue me, a groveling slave,
" When chain'd and bound by that black tyrant, Vice,
" I labour'd in its vilest drudgery?
" Did she not ransom me, and set me free?
" Nay more:
" When by my follies sunk
" To a poor, tatter'd, despicable beggar,
" Did she not lift me up to envy'd fortune,
" Give me herself, and all that she possest,
" Without a thought of more return,
" Than what a poor repenting heart might make her?
" Ha'n't she done this? and if she has,
" Am I not strongly bound to love her for it?—
" To love her—Why, do I not love her then?
" By earth and Heaven I do.
" Nay, I have demonstration that I do;
" For I would sacrifice my life to serve her.
" Yet hold—if laying down my life
" Be demonstration of my love,
" What is 't I feel in favour of Berinthia?
" For should she be in danger, methinks I could incline
" To risk it for her service too; and yet I do not love her.
" How then subsists my proof!—

"O, I have found it out:—

"What I would do for one, is demonstration of my love;
 "and if I'd do as much for t'other, it there would be de-
 "monstration of my friendship——Ay——it must be
 "so. I find I'm very much her friend.——Yet let me ask
 "myself one puzzling question more:—Whence springs this
 "mighty friendship all at once?—for our acquaintance is of
 "a later date. Now friendship's said to be a plant of te-
 "dious growth, its root composed of tender fibres, nice in
 "their taste, cautious in spreading, checked with the least
 "corruption in the soil, long ere it take, and longer still
 "ere it appear to do so: whilst mine is in a moment shot
 "so high, and fixed so fast, it seems beyond the power of
 "storms to shake it. I doubt it thrives too fast." [*Musing.*

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ah, she here!—Nay, then take heed, my heart, for there are dangers towards.

Ber. What makes you look so thoughtful, sir?—I hope you are not ill.

Love. I was debating, madam, whether I was so or not; and that was it which made me look so thoughtful.

Ber. Is it then so hard a matter to decide? I thought all people had been acquainted with their own bodies, though few people know their own minds.

Love. What if the distemper I suspect be in the mind.

Ber. Why then I'll undertake to prescribe you a cure.

Love. Alas! you undertake you know not what.

Ber. So far, at least, then allow me to be a physician.

Love. Nay, I'll allow you so yet farther; for I have reason to believe, should I put myself into your hands, you would increase my distemper.

Ber. Perhaps I might have reasons from the college not

to be too quick in your cure ; yet 'tis possible I might find ways to give you often ease, sir.

Love. Were I but sure of that I'd quickly lay my case before you.

Ber. Whether you are sure of it or no, what risk do you run in trying ?

Love. O, a very great one.

Ber. How ?

Love. You might betray my distemper to my wife.

Ber. And so lose all my practice.

Love. Will you then keep my secret.

Ber. I will, if it don't burst me.

Love. Swear.

Ber. I do.

Love. By what ?

Ber. By woman.

Love. That's swearing by my deity. Do it by your own, or I sha'n't believe you.

Ber. By man, then.

Love. I'm satisfied. Now hear my symptoms, and give me your advice. The first were these :

When 't was my chance to see you at the play,
A random glance you threw, at first alarm'd me,
I could not turn my eyes from whence the danger came :
I gazed upon you till you shot again,
And then my fears came on me ;
My heart began to pant, my limbs to tremble,
My blood grew thin, my pulse beat quick,
My eyes grew hot and dim, and all the frame of nature
Shook with apprehension.

'Tis true, some small recruits of resolution
My manhood brought to my assistance,
And by their help I made a stand awhile,

But found at last your arrows flew so thick,
They could not fail to pierce me ;
So left the field,

And fled for shelter to Amanda's arms.

What think you of these symptoms, pray ?

Ber. Feverish every one of them.

But what relief, pray, did your wife afford you ?

Love. Why " instantly she let me blood which," for the present much assuaged my flame. But when I saw you, out it burst again, and raged with greater fury than before. Nay, since you now appear, 't is so increased, that in a moment, if you do not help me, I shall, whilst you look on, consume to ashes. [Taking hold of her hand.]

Ber. [Breaking from him.] O, lard, let me go ; 'tis the plague, and we shall all be infected.

Love. [Catching her in his arms, and kissing her.] Then we'll die together, my charming angel.

Ber. O, gad—the devil's in you. Lord, let me go, here's somebody coming.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my lady " is come home, and" desires to speak with you ; she's in her chamber.

Love. Tell her I'm coming. [Exit Serv.] But before I go, one glass of nectar more to drink her health.

Ber. Stand off, or I shall hate you, by heavens.

Love. [Kissing her.] In matters of love, a woman's oath is no more to be minded than a man's.

Ber. Um——

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. Ha ! what's here ? my " old" mistress, and so close, i' faith ! I would not spoil her sport for the universe.

[He retires.]

Ber. O, gad—Now do I pray to Heaven, [*Exit Love. running.*] With all my heart and soul, that the devil in hell may take me, if ever—I was better pleased in my life—This man has bewitched me, that's certain. [*Sighing.*]
“ Well, I am condemned, but thanks to Heaven, I feel myself each moment more and more prepared for my execution. Nay, to that degree, I don't perceive I have the least fear of dying. No, I find, let the executioner be but a man, and there's nothing will suffer with more resolution than a woman. Well, I never had but one intrigue yet ; but, I confess, I long to have another. Pray Heaven it end as the first did though, that we may both grow weary at a time ; for 'tis a melancholy thing for lovers to outlive one another.”

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. [*Aside.*] This discovery's a lucky one, I hope to make a happy use on't. That gentlewoman there is no fool ; so I shall be able to make her understand her interest. [*To Ber.*] Your servant, madam ; I need not ask you how you do, you have got so good a colour.

Ber. No better than I used to have, I suppose.

Wor. A little more blood in your cheeks.

Ber. The weather's hot.

Wor. If it were not, a woman may have a colour.

Ber. What do you mean by that ?

Wor. Nothing.

Ber. Why do you smile then ?

Wor. Because the weather's hot.

Ber. You'll never leave roguing, I see that.

Wor. [*Putting his finger to his nose.*] You'll never leave—I see that.

Ber. Well, I can't imagine what you drive at. Pray tell me what you mean ?

Wor. Do you tell me it's the same thing?

Ber. I can't.

Wor. Guess!

Ber. I shall guess wrong.

Wor. Indeed you won't.

Ber. Psha! either tell, or let it alone.

Wor. Nay, rather than let it alone, I will tell. But first I must put you in mind, that after what has passed 'twixt you and I, very few things ought to be secrets between us.

Ber. Why, what secrets do we hide? I know of none.

Wor. Yes, there are two; one I have hid from you, and t'other you would hide from me. You are fond of Loveless, which I have discovered, and I am fond of his wife——

Ber. Which I have discovered.

Wor. Very well, now I confess your discovery to be true: what do you say to mine?

Ber. Why, I confess——I would swear 't were false, if I thought you were fool enough to believe me.

“*Wor.* Now am I almost in love with you again. Nay, “I don't know but I might be quite so, had I made one “short campaign with Amanda. Therefore if you find “'twould tickle your vanity, to bring me down once more “to your lore, e'en help me quickly to dispatch her business, that I may have nothing else to do, but to apply “myself to yours.

“*Ber.* Do you then think, sir, I am old enough to be a “bawd?”

Wor. “No,” but I think you are wise enough to——

Ber. To do what?

Wor. To hoodwink Amanda with a gallant, that she may not see who is her husband's mistress.

Ber. [*Aside.*] He has reason: the hint's a good one.

Wor. Well, madam, what think you on't?

Ber. I think you are so much a deeper politician in these affairs than I am, that I ought to have a very great regard to your advice.

Wor. Then give me leave to put you in mind that the most easy, safe, and pleasant situation for your own amour, is the house in which you now are; provided you keep Amanda from any sort of suspicion.—That the way to do that, is to engage her in an intrigue of her own, making yourself her confidant. And the way to bring her to intrigue, is to make her jealous of her husband in a wrong place; which the more you foment, the less you'll be suspected. This is my scheme, in short; which if you follow, as you should do, my dear Berinthia, we may all four pass the winter very pleasantly.

“*Ber.* Well, I could be glad to have no body's sins to answer for but my own. But where there is a necessity—

“*Wor.* Right, as you say, where there is a necessity, a Christian is bound to help his neighbour.” So, good Berinthia, lose no time, but let us begin the dance as fast as we can.

“*Ber.* Not till the fiddles are in tune, pray, sir.—Your lady's strings will be very apt to fly, I can tell you that, if they are wound up too hastily. But if you'll have patience to screw them to a pitch by degrees, I don't doubt but she may endure to be played upon.

Wor. “Ay, and will make admirable music too, or I am mistaken;” but have you had no private closet discourse with her yet about males and females, and so forth, which may give you hopes in her constitution! for I know her morals are the devil against us.

Ber. I have had so much discourse with her, that I believe were she once cured of her fondness to her husband, the

fortress of her virtue would not be so impregnable as she fancies.

Wor. What! she runs, I'll warrant you, into that common mistake of fond wives, who conclude themselves virtuous, because they can refuse a man they do n't like, when they have got one they do.

Ber. True, and therefore I think 'tis a presumptuous thing in a woman to assume the name of virtuous, till she has heartily hated her husband, and been soundly in love with somebody else; whom, if she has withstood—then—much good may it do her.

Wor. Well, so much for her virtue. Now, one word of her inclinations, and every one to their post. What opinion do you find she has of me?

Ber. What you could wish; she thinks you handsome and discreet.

Wor. Good, that's thinking half-seas over. One tide more brings us into port.

Ber. Perhaps it may, though still remember there's a difficult bar to pass.

Wor. I know there is, but I do n't question I shall get well over it, by the help of such a pilot.

Ber. You may depend upon your pilot, she'll do the best she can; so weigh anchor and be gone as soon as you please.

Wor. I'm under sail already. Adieu. [Exit.]

Ber. [Alone.] *Bon voyage.* So, here's fine work.—What a business have I undertaken! I'm a very pretty gentlewoman, truly; but there was no avoiding it: he'd have ruined me if I had refused him. “Besides, faith, I begin to fancy “there may be as much pleasure in carrying on another “body's intrigue, as one's own. This at least is certain; it “exercises almost all the entertaining faculties of a woman:

“ for there’s employment for hypocrisy, invention, deceit,
“ flattery, mischief, and lying.

Enter AMANDA, her Woman following her.

Wom. If you please, madam, only to say, whether you’ll have me buy them or not.

Aman. Yes; no; go fiddle, I care not what you do. Pr’ythee leave me.

“ *Wom.* I have done.” [Exit.

Ber. What in the name of Jove’s the matter with you?

Aman. The matter, Berinthia! I’m almost mad, I’m plagued to death.

Ber. Who is it that plagues you?

Aman. Who do you think should plague a wife but her husband?

Ber. Oh, ho, is it come to that? We shall have you wish yourself a widow by and by.

Aman. Would I were any thing but what I am; a base, ungrateful man, after what I have done for him, to use me thus!

Ber. What, he has been ogling now, I’ll warrant you?

Aman. Yes, he has been ogling.

Ber. And so you are jealous? Is that all?

Aman. That all! is jealousy then nothing!

Ber. It should be nothing, if I were in your case.

Aman. Why, what would you do?

Ber. I’d cure myself.

Aman. How?

Ber. “ Let blood in the fond vein:” care as little for my husband, as he did for me.

Aman. That would not stop his course.

Ber. Nor nothing else, when the wind’s in the warm corner. Look you, Amanda, you may build castles in the air,

“ and fume, and fret, and grow thin and lean, and pale and
“ ugly, if you please.” But I tell you, no man worth hav-
ing is true to his wife, or can be true to his wife, or ever
was, or ever will be so.

Aman. Do you then really think he’s false to me? for I
did not suspect him.

Ber. Think so! I know he’s so.

Aman. Is it possible? Pray tell me what you know?

Ber. Don’t press me then to name names; for that I have
sworn I won’t do.

Aman. Well, I won’t; but let me know all you can with-
out perjury.

“ *Ber.* I’ll let you know enough to prevent any wise wo-
“ man’s dying of the pip; and, I hope, you’ll pluck up
“ your spirits, and shew, upon occasion, you can be as good
“ a wife as the best of them.

“ *Aman.* Well, what a woman can do I’ll endeavour.

“ *Ber.* Oh, a woman can do a great deal, if once she sets
“ her mind to it. Therefore, pray do n’t stand trifling any
“ longer, and teasing yourself with this and that, and
“ your love and your virtue, and I know not what: but re-
“ solve to hold up your head, get a-tiptoe and look over
“ them all; for, to my certain knowledge, your husband is
“ a pickeering elsewhere.

“ *Aman.* You are sure on’t?”

Ber. Positively; he fell in love at the play.

Aman. Right, the very same; do you know the ugly
thing?

Ber. Yes, I know her well enough; but she’s no such
ugly thing neither.

Aman. Is she very handsome?

Ber. Truly, I think so.

Aman. Heigho!

Ber. What do you sigh for now ?

Aman. Oh, my heart !

“ *Ber.* [*Aside.*] Only the pangs of nature ! she ’s in labour of her love ; Heaven send her a quick delivery, I ’m sure she has a good midwife.

“ *Aman.*” I ’m very ill, I must go to my chamber. Dear Berinthia, don’t leave me a moment.

Ber. No, don’t fear. [*Aside.*] I ’ll see you safe brought to bed, I ’ll warrant you. [*Exit Aman. leaning upon Ber.*

SCENE III.

A Country House. Enter Young FASHION and LORY.

Y. Fash. So, here ’s our inheritance, Lory, if we can but get into possession. But, methinks, the seat of our family looks like Noah’s ark, as if the chief part on ’t were designed for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field.

Lory. Pray, sir, don’t let your head run upon the orders of building here ; get but the heiress, let the devil take the house.

Y. Fash. Get but the house, let the devil take the heiress, I say ; at least if she be as old Coupler describes her. But come, we have no time to squander. Knock at the door. [*Lory knocks two or three times.*] What the devil, have they got no ears in this house ? Knock harder.

Lory. ’Egad, sir, this will prove some enchanted castle ; we shall have the giant come out by and by with his club, and beat our brains out. [*Knocks again.*

Y. Fash. Hush ; they come.

From within. Who is there ?

Lory. Open the door and see : is that your country breeding ?

From within. Ay, but two words to a bargain: Tummis, is the blunderbuss primed?

Y. Fash. 'Oons, give them good words, Lory; we shall be shot here a fortune-catching.

Lory. 'Egad, sir, I think you are in the right on't. Ho, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um.—

[Servant appears at the window with a blunderbuss.]

Serv. Weal, naw, what's yare business?

Y. Fash. Nothing, sir, but to wait upon Sir Tunbelly, with your leave.

Serv. To weat upon Sir Tunbelly? Why, you'll find that's just as Sir Tunbelly pleases.

Y. Fash. But will you do me the favour, sir, to know whether Sir Tunbelly pleases or not?

Serv. Why, look you, do you see, with good words much may be done. Ralph, go thy waes, and ask Sir Tunbelly, if he pleases to be waited upon. And, do'st hear? Caull to nurse, that she may lock up Miss Hoyden before the geat's open.

Y. Fash. D'ye hear that, Lory?

"Lory. Ay, sir, I'm afraid we shall find a difficult job on't. Pray Heaven, that old rogue, Coupler, han't sent us to fetch milk out of the gun-room.

"Y. Fash. I'll warrant thee all will go well; see, the door opens."

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, with his Servants armed with guns, clubs, pitchforks, scythes, &c.

"Lory. *[Running behind his master.]* Oh, lord—oh, lord—oh, lord, we are both dead men.

"Y. Fash. Take heed, fool; thy fear will ruin us.

"Lory. My fear, sir; 'sdeath, sir, I fear nothing. *[Aside.]* Would I were well up to the chin in a horse-pond!"

Sir *Tun.* Who is it here has any business with me?

Y. *Fash.* Sir, 'tis I, if your name be Sir Tunbelly Clumsey.

Sir *Tun.* Sir, my name is Sir Tunbelly Clumsey, whether you have any business with me or not. So you see I am not ashamed of my name—nor my face, neither.

Y. *Fash.* Sir, you have no cause that I know of. *

Sir *Tun.* Sir, if you have no cause, neither, I desire to know who you are; for till I know your name, I shall not ask you to come into my house, and when I know your name, 't is six to four I do n't ask you neither.

Y. *Fash.* [*Giving him a letter.*] Sir, I hope you'll find this letter an authentic passport.

Sir *Tun.* Cod's my life, I ask your lordship's pardon ten thousand times. [*To his servants.*] Here, run in doors quickly: get a Scotch coal fire in the great parlour; set all the Turkey-work chairs in their places; get the great brass candlesticks out, and be sure stick the sockets full of laurel: run. [*Turning to Y. Fash.*] My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon. [*To other servants.*] And do you hear, run away to nurse, bid her let Miss Hoyden loose again; and, if it was not shifting day, let her put on a clean tucker, quick. [*Exeunt servants confusedly.*] [*To Y. Fash.*] I hope your honour will excuse the disorder of my family, we are not used to receive men of your lordship's great quality every day. Pray, where are your coaches and servants, my lord?

Y. *Fash.* Sir, that I might give you and your fair daughter a proof how impatient I am to be nearer a-kin to you, I left my equipage to follow me, and came away post with only one servant.

Sir *Tun.* Your lordship does me too much honour. It was exposing your person to too much fatigue and danger, I protest it was; but my daughter shall endeavour to make you

what amends she can; and though I say it, that should not say it—Hoyden has charms.

Y. *Fash*. Sir, I am not a stranger to them, though I am to her. Common fame has done her justice.

Sir *Tun*. My lord, I am common fame's very grateful humble servant. My lord—my girl's young: Hoyden is young, my lord; but this I must say for her, what she wants in art, she has by nature; what she wants in experience, she has in breeding; and what's wanting in her age, is made good in her constitution. So, pray, my lord, walk in; pray, my lord, walk in.

Y. *Fash*. Sir, I wait upon you.

[*Exeunt*.]

Enter Miss HOYDEN.

Miss *Hoy*. Sure never no body was used as I am. I knew well enough what other girls do, for all they think to make a fool of me: it's well I have a husband a coming, or, I-cod, I'd marry the baker, I would so. No body can knock at the gate, but presently I must be locked up; and here's the young greyhound bitch can run loose about the house all the day long, she can; 'tis very well.

Nurse. [*Without, opening the door.*] Miss Hoyden, Miss, Miss, Miss; Miss Hoyden.

Enter Nurse.

Miss *Hoy*. Well, what do you make such a noise for, ha! What do you din a body's ears for? Can't one be at quiet for you.

Nurse. What do I din your ears for? Here's one come will din your ears for you.

Miss *Hoy*. What care I who comes; I care not a fig who comes, nor who goes, as long as I must be locked up like the ale cellar.

Nurse. That, miss, is for fear you should be drank before you are ripe.

Miss Hoy. Oh, do n't you trouble your head about that: I'm as ripe as you, though not so mellow.

Nurse. Very well; now I have a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you see my lord to-night.

Miss Hoy. My lord! Why, is my husband come?

Nurse. Yes, marry is he, and a goodly person too.

Miss Hoy. [*Hugging Nurse.*] Oh, my dear nurse, forgive me this once, and I'll never misuse you again—no, if I do, you shall give me three thumps on the back, and a great pinch by the cheek.

Nurse. Ah, the poor thing; see how it melts; it's as full of good-nature as an egg's full of meat.

Miss Hoy. But, my dear nurse, do n't lie now; is he come by your troth?

Nurse. Yes, by my truly is he.

Miss Hoy. Oh, lord! I'll go and put on my laced smock, though I'm whipped till the blood run down my heels for't.

[*Exit running.*]

“*Nurse.* Eh—the Lord succour thee, how thou art de-lighted!

[*Exit after her.*]

“*Enter Sir TUNBELLY, and Young FASHION.*

A Servant with wine.

“*Sir Tun.* My lord, I'm proud of the honour to see your lordship within my doors: and I humbly crave leave to bid you welcome in a cup of sack wine.

“*Y. Fash.* Sir, to your daughter's health. [*Drinks.*]

“*Sir Tun.* Ah, poor girl! she'll be scared out of her wits on her wedding night; for, honestly speaking, she does not know a man from a woman, but by his beard and his breeches.

“ Y. *Fash*. Sir, I don’t doubt she has had a virtuous
“ education, which, with the rest of her merit, makes me
“ long to see her mine. I wish you would dispense with
“ the canonical hour, and let it be this very night.

“ Sir *Tun*. Oh, not so soon neither ; that’s shooting my
“ girl before you bid her stand. No, give her fair warn-
“ ing, we’ll sign and seal to-night if you please ; and this
“ day seven-night—let the jade look to her quarters.

“ Y. *Fash*. This day seven-night—Why, what do you
“ take me for a ghost, sir ? ’Slife, sir, I’m made of flesh
“ and blood, and bones and sinews, and can no more live a
“ week without your daughter—than I can live a month
“ with her.

[*Aside*.

“ Sir. *Tun*. Oh, I’ll warrant you, my hero : young men
“ are hot, I know, but they don’t boil over at that rate,
“ neither ; besides, my wench’s wedding-gown is not come
“ home yet.

“ Y. *Fash*. Oh, no matter, sir, I’ll take her in her shift.
“ [*Aside*.] A pox of this old fellow, he’ll delay the business
“ till my damn’d star finds me out, and discovers me. [*To*
“ Sir *Tun*.] Pray, sir, let it be done without ceremony,
“ ’twill save money.

“ Sir *Tun*. Money—Save money when Hoyden’s to be
“ married ? Udswoons, I’ll give my wench a wedding din-
“ ner, though I go to grass with the king of Assyria for’t,
“ and such a dinner it shall be, as is not to be cooked in
“ the poaching of an egg.—Therefore, my noble lord, have
“ a little patience, we’ll go and look over our deeds and
“ settlements immediately ; and as for your bride, though
“ you may be sharp-set before she’s quite ready, I’ll en-
“ gage for my girl, she stays your stomach at last. [*Exe*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Miss HOYDEN and Nurse.

Nurse.

WELL, Miss, how do you like your husband that is to be?

Miss *Hoy*. Oh, lord, nurse, I'm so overjoyed, I can scarce contain myself.

Nurse. Oh, but you must have a care of being too fond; for men now a-days hate a woman that loves them.

Miss *Hoy*. Love him! Why do you think I love him, nurse? I-cod I would not care if he were hanged so I were but once married to him—No—that which pleases me, is to think what work I'll make when I get to London; for when I am a wife and a lady both, nurse, I-cod I'll flant it with the best of them.

Nurse. Look, look, if his honour be not a coming to you; now if I were sure you would behave yourself handsomely, and not disgrace me that have brought you up, I'd leave you alone together.

Miss *Hoy*. That's my best nurse, do as you would be done by; trust us together this once, and if I don't shew my breeding from the head to the foot of me, may I be twice married and die a maid.

Nurse. Well, this once I'll venture you; but if you disparage me——

Miss *Hoy*. Never fear, I'll shew him my parts, I'll warrant him. [*Exit Nurse.*] These old women are so wise when they get a poor girl into their clutches; but ere it be long, I shall know what's what as well as the best of them.

Enter Young FASHION.

Y. *Fash*. Your servant, madam, I'm glad to find you

alone ; for I have something of importance to speak to you about.

Miss *Hoy*. Sir, (my lord I meant) you may speak to me about what you please, I shall give you a civil answer.

Y. *Fash*. You give me so obliging a one, it encourages me to tell you in a few words, what I think both for your interest and mine. Your father, I suppose you know, has resolved to make me happy in being your husband, and I hope I may depend upon your consent, to perform what he desires.

Miss *Hoy*. Sir, I never disobey my father in any thing but eating green gooseberries.

Y. *Fash*. So good a daughter must needs be an admirable wife ; I am therefore impatient till you are mine, and hope you will so far consider the violence of my love, that you won't have the cruelty to defer my happiness so long as your father designs it.

Miss *Hoy*. Pray, my lord, how long is that ?

Y. *Fash*. Madam, a thousand year—a whole week.

Miss *Hoy*. A week——why, I shall be an old woman by that time.

Y. *Fash*. And I an old man, which you'll find a greater misfortune than t' other.

Miss *Hoy*. Why I thought it was to be to-morrow morning, as soon as I was up ; I'm sure nurse told me so.

Y. *Fash*. And it shall be to-morrow morning still, if you'll consent.

Miss *Hoy*. If I consent ! Why, I thought I was to obey you as my husband.

Y. *Fash*. That's when we are married ; till then I am to obey you.

Miss *Hoy*. Why then, if we are to take it by turns, it's the same thing. I'll obey you now, and when we are married, you shall obey me.

Y. *Fash*. With all my heart. But I doubt we must get nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the chaplain.

Miss *Hoy*. No more we shan't, indeed; for he loves her better than he loves his pulpit, and would always be a preaching to her by his good will.

Y. *Fash*. Why, then, my dear little bedfellow, if you'll call her hither, we'll try to persuade her presently.

Miss *Hoy*. Oh, lord! I can tell you a way to persuade her to any thing.

Y. *Fash*. How 's that?

Miss *Hoy*. Why, tell her she's a wholesome, comely woman, and give her half-a-crown.

Y. *Fash*. Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of them.

Miss *Hoy*. Oh, Gemini! for half that she'd marry you herself. I'll run and call her. [Exit.

Y. *Fash*. So, matters go swimmingly; this is a rare girl, i' faith. I shall have a fine time of it with her at London. "I'm much mistaken, if she do n't prove a March hare all the year round. What a scampering chace will she make on't, when she finds the whole kennel of beaus at her tail! Hey to the park and the play, and the church, and the devil! She'll shew them sport, I'll warrant them." But no matter; she brings an estate will afford me a separate maintenance.

Enter Miss HOYDEN and Nurse.

How do you do, good Mistress Nurse? I desired your young lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary care and conduct in her education. Pray, accept of this small acknowledgement for

it at present; and depend upon my farther kindness, when I shall be that happy thing her husband.

Nurse. [*Aside.*] Gold, by mackins! Your honour's goodness is too great. Alas! all I can boast of is, I gave her pure good milk, and so your honour would have said, an you had seen how the poor thing suck'd it—Eh, God's blessing on the sweet face on't; how it used to hang at this poor teat, and suck, and squeeze, and kick, and sprawl, it would, till the belly on't was so full, it would drop off like a leech.

Miss Hoy. [*To Nurse, taking her angrily aside.*] Pray, one word with you; pr'ythee nurse, don't stand ripping up old stories, to make one ashamed before one's love. Do you think such a fine proper gentleman as he is, cares for a fiddlecome tale of a draggle-tail'd girl? If you have a mind to make him have a good opinion of a woman, don't tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now. [*To Y. Fash.*] I hope your honour will excuse my mis-manners to whisper before you; it was only to give some orders about the family.

Y. Fash. Oh, every thing, madam, is to give way to business! besides, good housewifery is a very commendable quality in a young lady.

Miss Hoy. Pray, sir, are young ladies good housewives at London-town? Do they darn their own linen?

Y. Fash. Oh, no! they study how to spend money, not to save it.

Miss Hoy. I'cod, I don't know but that may be better sport than t'other, ha, nurse!

Y. Fash. Well, you shall have your choice when you come there.

Miss Hoy. Shall I—Then, by my troth, I'll get there as fast as I can—[*To Nurse.*] his honour desires you'll be so kind as to let us be married to-morrow.

Nurse. To-morrow, my dear madam.

Y. Fash. Yes, to-morrow, sweet nurse, privately.—
“ Young folks, you know, are impatient, and Sir Tunbelly
“ would make us stay a week for a wedding-dinner. Now,
“ all things being signed and sealed, and agreed, I fancy
“ there could be no great harm in practising a scene or two
“ of matrimony in private, if it were only to give us the
“ better assurance, when we come to play it in public.”

Nurse. Nay, I must confess, stolen pleasures are sweet.
But if you should be married now, what will you do when
Sir Tunbelly calls for you to be wedded?

Miss Hoy. Why, then we will be married again.

Nurse. What, twice, my child?

Miss Hoy. I'cod, I don't care how often I'm married,
not I.

Y. Fash. Pray, nurse, don't you be against your young
lady's good; for, by this means, she'll have the pleasure of
two wedding-days.

“ *Miss Hoy.* [*To Nurse softly.*] And of two wedding-
“ nights, too, nurse.”

Nurse. Well, I'm such a tender-hearted fool, I find I can
refuse you nothing; so you shall e'en follow your own
inventions.

Miss Hoy. Shall I? [*Aside.*] Oh, lord, I could leap over
the moon!

Y. Fash. Dear nurse, this goodness of your's sha'n't go
unrewarded; but now you must employ your power with
Mr. Bull, the chaplain, that he may do his friendly office
too; and then we shall be all happy. Do you think you
can prevail with him?

Nurse. Prevail with him!—or he shall never prevail with
me, I can tell him that.

Miss Hoy. My lord, she has had him upon the hip this
seven year.

Y. Fash. I'm glad to hear it: however, to strengthen your interest with him, you may let him know, I have several fat livings in my gift, and that the first that falls shall be in your disposal.

Nurse. Nay then, I'll make him marry more folks than one, I'll promise him.

Miss Hoy. Faith, do, nurse, make him marry you too. I'm sure he'll do it for a fat living; for he loves eating more than he loves his bible; and I have often heard him say, a fat living was the best meat in the world.

Nurse. Ay, and I'll make him commend the sauce too, or I'll bring his gown to a cassock, I will so.

Y. Fash. Well, nurse, whilst you go and settle matters with him, your lady and I will go and take a walk in the garden.

Nurse. I'll do your honour's business in the catching up of a garter. [Exit.

Y. Fash. [Giving her his hand.] Come, madam, dare you venture yourself alone with me?

Miss Hoy. Oh, dear, yes, sir! I don't think you'll do any thing to me I need be afraid on. [Exeunt.

Enter AMANDA and BERINTHIA.

A SONG.

- " I smile at love, and all its arts,
- " The charming Cynthia cry'd;
- " Take heed, for love has piercing darts;
- " A wounded swain reply'd.
- " Once free and bless'd, as you are now,
- " I trifled with his charms,
- " I pointed at his little bow,
- " And sported with his arms:

" Till urg'd too far, revenge, he cries,
" A fatal shaft he drew,
" It took its passage through your eyes,
" And to my heart it flew.
" To tear it thence I try'd in vain ;
" To strive, I quickly found,
" Was only to encrease the pain,
" And to enlarge the wound.
" Ah, much too well, I fear, you know
" What pain I'm to endure ;
" Since what your eyes alone could do,
" Your heart alone can cure !
" And that (grant Heaven, I may mistake)
" I doubt, is doom'd to bear
" A burden for another's sake,
" Who ill rewards its care."

Aman. Well, now, Berinthia, I'm at leisure to hear what 't was you had to say to me.

Ber. What I had to say, was only to echo the sighs and groans of a dying lover.

Aman. Phoo ! will you never learn to talk in earnest of any thing ?

Ber. Why, this shall be in earnest, if you please ; for my part, I only tell you matter of fact ; you may take it which way you like best ; " but if you 'll follow the women of the town, you 'll take it both ways : for when a man offers himself to one of them, first she takes him in jest, and then she takes him in earnest."

Aman. " I'm sure there 's so much jest and earnest in what you say to me," I scarce know how to take it. But I think you have bewitched me, for I don't find it possible to be angry with you, say what you will.

Ber. I'm very glad to hear it ; for I have no mind to quarrel with you, for some reasons that I'll not brag of.

But quarrel or not, smile or frown, I must tell you what I have suffered upon your account.

Aman. Upon my account!

Ber. Yes, upon yours—I have been forced to sit still, and hear you commended for two hours together, without one compliment to myself. Now don't you think a woman has a blessed time of that?

Aman. “Alas, I should have been unconcerned at it! I “never knew where the pleasure lay of being praised by “the men.” But, pray, who was this that commended me so?

Ber. One you have a mortal aversion to; Mr. Worthy. “He used you like a text; he took you all to pieces; but “spoke so learnedly upon every point, one might imagine “the spirit of the church was in him. If you are a woman, “you'd have been in an ecstasy to have heard how feelingly he handled your hair, your eyes, your nose, your “mouth, your teeth, your tongue, your chin, your neck, “and so forth. Thus he preached for an hour; but when “he came to use an application, he observed, that all these, “without a gallant, were nothing—Now consider of what “has been said; and Heaven give you grace to put it in “practice.”

Aman. Alas, Berinthia! did I incline to a gallant, (which you know I do not) do you think a man so nice as he, could have the least concern for such a plain, unpolished thing as I am? It is impossible!

Ber. Now have you a great mind to put me upon commending you,

Aman. Indeed that was not my design.

Ber. Nay, if it were it's all one; for I won't do it; I'll leave that to your looking-glass. But, to shew you I have some good-nature left, I'll commend him, and may be that may do as well.

Aman. You have a great mind to persuade me I am in love with him.

Ber. I have a great mind to persuade you you don't know what you are in love with.

Aman. I am sure I am not in love with him, nor never shall be : so let that pass. But you were saying something you would commend him for.

Ber. Oh, you'd be glad to hear a good character of him, however.

Aman. Psha!

Ber. Psha!——Well, 'tis a foolish undertaking for women, in these kind of matters, to pretend to deceive one another——Have not I been bred a woman as well as you?

Aman. What then?

Ber. Why, then, I understand my trade so well that, whenever I am told of a man I like, I cry—Psha!——But that I may spare you the pains of putting me a second time in mind to commend him, I'll proceed, and give you this account of him: that, though 'tis possible he may have had some women with as good faces as your ladyship's, (no discredit to it neither) yet, you must know, your cautious behaviour, with that reserve in your humour, has given him his death's wound. He mortally hates a coquette. He says 'tis impossible to love where we cannot esteem, and that no woman can be esteemed by a man who has sense, if she makes herself cheap in the eye of a fool. “That pride to
“a woman is as necessary as humility to a divine; and that
“far-fetch'd and dear-bought is meat for gentlemen as well
“as for ladies.” In short, that every woman who has beauty, may set a price upon herself; and that, by underselling the market, they ruin the trade. This is his doctrine, how do you like it?

Aman. So well, that, since I never intend to have a gal-

lant for myself, if I were to recommend one to a friend, he should be the man.

Enter WORTHY.

Bless me, he's here! Pray Heaven he did not hear me!

Ber. If he did it won't hurt your reputation; your thoughts are as safe in his heart as in your own.

Wor. I venture in at an unseasonable time of night, ladies; I hope, if I am troublesome you'll use the same freedom in turning me out again.

Aman. I believe it can't be late, for Mr. Loveless is not come home yet, and he usually keeps good hours.

Wor. Madam, I'm afraid he'll transgress a little to-night; for he told me, about half an hour ago, he was going to sup with some company, he doubted would keep him out till three or four o'clock in the morning, and desired I would let my servant acquaint you with it, that you might not expect him. But my fellow's a blunder-head, so, lest he should make some mistake, I thought it my duty to deliver the message myself.

Aman. I'm very sorry he should give you that trouble, sir; but——

Ber. But since he has, will you give me leave, madam, to keep him to play at ombre with us?

Aman. Cousin, you know you command my house.

Wor. [To *Ber.*] And, madam, you know you command me, though I'm a very wretched gamester.

Ber. Oh, you play well enough to lose your money, and that's all the ladies require; and so, without any more ceremony, let's go into the next room, and call for the cards.

Aman. With all my heart. [*Exit Wor. leading out Aman.*]

Ber. Well, how this business will end, Heaven knows! but she seems to be in as fair a way—as a boy is to be a rogue, when he's put clerk to an attorney. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Berinthia's Chamber. Enter LOVELESS cautiously in the dark.

Love. So, thus far all's well. I'm got into her bed-chamber, and I think nobody has perceived me steal into the house: my wife don't expect me home till four o'clock; so if Berinthia comes to bed by eleven I shall have a chace of five hours. Let me see, where shall I hide myself?—Under her bed?—No, we shall have her maid searching there for something or other: her closet's a better place, and I have a master key will open it: I'll e'en in there, “and attack her just when she comes to her prayers; that's the most like to prove her critical minute, for then the devil will be there to assist me.”

[He opens the Closet, goes in, and shuts the door after him.]

Enter BERINTHIA, with a Candle in her hand.

Ber. Well, sure I am the best natured woman in the world. I, that love cards so well, (there is but one thing upon the earth that I love better) have pretended letters to write to give my friends a *tête-à-tête*. However I'm innocent, for picquet is the game I set them to: at her own peril be it, if she ventures to play with him at any other. But now what shall I do with myself? I don't know how in the world to pass my time. Would Loveless were here to *badiner* a little—Well, he's a charming fellow; I don't wonder his wife's so fond of him—What if I should sit down and think of him till I fall fast asleep, and dream of the lord knows what? Oh, but then if I should dream we were married, I should be frightened out of my wits. *[Seeing a book.]* What's this book? I think I had best go read. Oh, sple-

netic! it's a sermon. Well, I'll go into my closet, and read the plotting sisters. [*She opens the Closet, sees Loveless, and shrieks out.*] Oh, Lord!—a ghost, a ghost, a ghost, a ghost!

Enter LOVELESS running to her.

Love. Peace, my dear, it's no ghost; take it in your arms; you'll find 't is worth a hundred of them.

Ber. Run in again: here's somebody coming.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Oh, lord, madam! what's the matter?

Ber. Oh, Heavens! I'm almost frightened out of my wits! I thought, verily, I had seen a ghost; and 't was nothing but the white curtain with a black hood pinned up against it. You may begone again—I am the fearfullest fool. [*Exit Maid.*]

Re-enter LOVELESS.

Love. Is the coast clear?

Ber. The coast clear! I suppose you are clear; you'd never play such a trick as this else.

Love. I am very well pleased with my trick thus far, and shall be so till I have played it out, if it be n't your fault. Where's my wife?

Ber. At cards.

Love. With whom?

Ber. With Worthy.

Love. Then we are safe enough.

Ber. You are so! Some husbands would be of another mind, if he were at cards with their wives.

Love. And they'd be in the right on 't too. But I dare

trust mine. Besides, I know he's in love in another place; and he's not one of those who court half a dozen at a time.

Ber. Nay, the truth on 't is, you'd pity him if you saw how uneasy he is, at being engaged with us; but 't was my malice. I fancied he was to meet his mistress somewhere else; so did it to have the pleasure of seeing him fret.

Love. What says Amanda to my staying abroad so late?

Ber. Why, she's as much out of humour as he; I believe they wish one another at the devil.

Love. Then I'm afraid they'll quarrel at play, and soon throw up the cards. [*Offering to pull her into the Closet.*]—Therefore, my dear, charming angel, let us make good use of our time.

Ber. Heavens! what do you mean?

Love. Pray what do you think I mean?

Ber. I don't know.

Love. I'll shew you.

Ber. You may as well tell me.

Love. No, that would make you blush worse than t' other.

Ber. Why, do you intend to make me blush?

Love. Faith, I can't tell that; but if I do it shall be in the dark. [*Pulling her.*]

Ber. Oh, heavens! I would not be in the dark with you for all the world.

Love. I'll try that. [*Puts out the Candle.*]

Ber. Oh, Lord! are you mad?—What shall I do for light?

Love. You'll do as well without it.

Ber. Why, one can't find a chair to sit down.

Love. Come into the closet, madam; there's moon-shine upon the couch.

Ber. Nay, never pull—for I will not go.

Love. Then you must be carried. [*Carrying her.*]

Ber. "Help, help! I'm ravish'd, ruin'd, undone!" Oh, lord, I shall never be able to bear it! [*Very softly. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Sir Tunbelly's House. Enter Miss HOYDEN, Nurse, Young FASHION, and Chaplain.

Y. Fash. This quick dispatch of yours, Mr. Bull, I take so kindly, it shall give you claim to my favour as long as I live, I do assure you.

Miss Hoy. And to mine too, I promise you.

Chap. I most humbly thank your honours; and I hope, "since it has been my lot to join you in the holy bands of "wedlock, you will so well cultivate the soil which I have "craved a blessing on, that" your children may swarm about you like bees about a honey-comb.

Miss Hoy. I'cod, with all my heart; the more the merrier, I say: ha, nurse.

Enter LORY, taking his Master hastily aside.

Lory. One word with you, for Heaven's sake.

Y. Fash. What the devil's the matter?

Lory. Sir, your fortune's ruined; "and I don't think "your life's worth a quarter of an hour's purchase." Yonder's your brother arrived, with two coaches and six horses, twenty footmen and pages, a coat worth fourscore pounds, and a periwig down to his knees: so judge what will become of your lady's heart.

Y. Fash. Death and furies, 'tis impossible!

Lory. Fiends and spectres, sir! 'tis true.

Y. Fash. Is he in the house yet?

Lory. No, they are capitulating with him at the gate; the porter tells him, he's come to run away with Miss Hoyden, and has cock'd the blunderbuss at him; your brother swears, Gad damme, they are a parcel of clawns, "and he had a "good mind to break off the match: but they have given "the word for Sir Tunbelly; so, I doubt, all will come out, "presently." Pray, sir, resolve what you'll do, this moment; "for, 'egad, they'll maul you."

Y. Fash. Stay a little—[*To Miss.*] My dear, here's a troublesome business, my man tells me of; but don't be frightened; we shall be too hard for the rogue. Here's an impudent fellow at the gate, (not knowing I was come hither *incognito*) has taken my name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

Miss Hoy. Oh, the brazen-fac'd varlet! It's well we are married, or may be we might never have been so.

Y. Fash. [*Aside.*] 'Egad, like enough—Pr'ythee, dear doctor, run to Sir Tunbelly, and stop him from going to the gate, before I speak with him.

Chap. I fly, my good lord—

[*Exit.*

Nurse. An't please your honour, my lady and I had best lock ourselves up till the danger be over.

Y. Fash. Ay, by all means.

Miss Hoy. Not so fast; I won't be locked up any more; I'm married.

Y. Fash. Yes, pray, my dear, do, till we have seized this rascal.

Miss Hoy. Nay, if you pray me, I'll do any thing.

[*Exeunt Miss and Nurse.*

Y. Fash. Oh, here's Sir Tunbelly coming—[*To Lory.*] Hark you, sirrah, things are better than you imagine; the wedding's over.

Lory. The devil it is, sir.

Y. *Fash*. Not a word, all 's safe; but Sir Tunbely do n't know it, nor must not yet; so I am resolved to brazen the business out, and have the pleasure of turning the impostor upon his lordship, which I believe may easily be done.

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, Chaplain, and Servants, armed.

Y. *Fash*. Did you ever hear, sir, of so impudent an undertaking?

Sir *Tun*. Never, by the mass; but we'll tickle him I warrant you.

Y. *Fash*. They tell me, sir, he has a great many people with him, disguised like servants.

Sir *Tun*. Ay, ay, rogues enow; but I'll soon raise the posse upon him.

Y. *Fash*. Sir, if you'll take my advice, we'll go a shorter way to work; I find, whoever this spark is, he knows nothing of my being privately here; so, if you pretend to receive him civilly, he'll enter without suspicion; and as soon as he is within the gate, we'll whip up the draw-bridge upon his back, let fly the blunderbuss to disperse the crew, and so commit him to gaol.

Sir *Tun*. 'Egad, your lordship is an ingenious person, and a very great general; but shall we kill any of them, or not?

Y. *Fash*. No, no, fire over their heads, only to fright them; I'll warrant the regiment scours, when the colonel's a prisoner.

Sir *Tun*. Then come along, my boys; and let your courage be great—for your danger is but small. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The Gate. Enter Lord FOPPINGTON and Followers.

L. *Fop.* A pax of these bumkinly people! will they open the gate, or do they desire I should grow at their moat-side, like a willow? [*To the Porter.*] Hey, fellow! Pr'ythee, do me the favour, in as few words as thou canst find to express thyself, to tell me whether thy master will admit me or not, that I may turn about my coach, and begone?

Por. Here's my master himself now at hand; he's of age, he'll give you his answer.

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, and his Servants.

Sir *Tun.* My most noble lord, I crave your pardon for making your honour wait so long; but my orders to my servants have been to admit nobody without my knowledge, for fear of some attempt upon my daughter, the times being full of plots and roguery.

L. *Fop.* Much caution, I must confess, is a sign of great wisdom. But, staph my vitals, I have got a cold enough to destroy a porter—He, hem——

Sir *Tun.* I am very sorry for it, indeed, my lord; but if your lordship please to walk in, we'll help you to some brown sugar-candy. My lord, I'll shew you the way.

L. *Fop.* Sir, I follow with pleasure. [*Exeunt.*

[*As Lord Foppington's Servants go to follow him in, they clap the door against La Varole.*]

Servants. [*Within.*] Nay, hold you me there, sir.

“La Var. *Jernie qu'est ce que veut dire ça ?*”

Sir *Tun.* [*Within.*] Fire, porter.

“La Var. *Ab, je suis mort*”— [*The Servants all run off.*

“*Por.* Not one soldier left, by the mass.”

SCENE VI.

Changes into a Hall. Enter Sir TUNBELLY, the Chaplain and Servants, with Lord FOPPINGTON disarmed.

Sir Tun. Come, bring him along, bring him along.

L. Fop. What the pax do you mean, gentlemen? Is it fair-time, that you are all drunk before dinner?

Sir Tun. Drunk, sirrah! Here's an impudent rogue for you. Drunk or sober, bully, I'm a justice of the peace, and know how to deal with strollers.

L. Fop. Strollers!

Sir Tun. Ay, strollers. Come, give an account of yourself. What's your name? Where do you live? Do you pay scot and lot? Are you a Williamite, or a Jacobite? Come—

L. Fop. And why dost thou ask me so many impertinent questions!

Sir Tun. Because I'll make you answer them before I have done with you, you rascal you.

L. Fop. Before Gad, all the answer I can make thee to them is, that thou art a very extraordinary old fellow, stap my vitals.

Sir Tun. Nay, if you are for joking with deputy lieutenants, we know how to deal with you. Here, draw a warrant for him immediately.

L. Fop. A warrant!—What the devil is it thou would be at, old gentleman?

Sir Tun. I would be at you, sirrah, (if my hands were not tied as a magistrate) and with these two double fists, beat your teeth down your throat, you dog you.

L. Fop. And why wouldst thou spoil my face at that rate?

Sir Tun. For your design to rob me of my daughter, villain.

L. Fop. Rab thee of thy daughter!—Now do I begin to believe I'm a-bed and asleep, and that all this is but a dream—If it be, it will be an agreeable surprise enough, to waken by and by, and, instead of the impertinent company of a nasty country justice, find myself, perhaps, in the arms of a woman of quality—[To Sir Tun.] Pr'ythee, old father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one question?

Sir Tun. I can't tell whether I will or not, till I know what it is.

L. Fop. Why, then, it is, whether thou didst not write to my Lord Foppington, to come down and marry thy daughter?

Sir Tun. Yes, marry, did I; and my Lord Foppington is come down, and shall marry my daughter before she's a day older.

L. Fop. Now, give me thy hand, dear dad; I thought we should understand one another at last.

Sir Tun. This fellow's mad—Here, bind him hand and foot. [They bind him down.]

L. Fop. Nay, pr'ythee, knight, leave fooling; thy jest begins to grow dull.

Sir Tun. Bind him, I say; he's mad—Bread and water, a dark room, and a whip, may bring him to his senses again.

L. Fop. [Aside.] 'Egad, if I don't waken quickly, by all that I can see, this is like to prove one of the most impertinent dreams that ever I dreamt in my life.

Enter Miss HOYDEN and Nurse.

Miss Hoy. [Going up to him.] Is this he that would have run away with me? Fough, how he stinks of sweets!—Pray, father, let him be dragged through the horse-pond.

L. Fop. [Aside.] This must be my wife, by her natural inclination to her husband.

Miss *Hoy*. Pray, father, what do you intend to do with him? Hang him.

Sir *Tun*. That at least, child.

Nurse. Ay, and it's e'en too good for him, too.

L. *Fop*. [*Aside.*] *Madame la gouvernante*, I presume. Hitherto this appears to me to be one of the most extraordinary families that ever man of quality matched into.

Sir *Tun*. What's become of my lord, daughter?

Miss *Hoy*. He's just coming, sir.

L. *Fop*. [*Aside.*] My lord—What does he mean by that now!

Enter Young FASHION and LORY.

L. *Fop*. [*Seeing Y. Fash.*] Stap my vitals, Tam; now the dream's out.

Y. *Fash*. Is this the fellow, sir, that design'd to trick me of your daughter?

Sir *Tun*. This is he, my lord; how do you like him? Is not he a pretty fellow to get a fortune?

Y. *Fash*. I find, by his dress, he thought your daughter might be taken with a beau.

Miss *Hoy*. Oh, Gemini! is this a beau? Let me see him again—Ha! I find a beau is no such ugly thing neither.

Y. *Fash*. 'Egad, she'll be in love with him presently; I'll e'en have him sent away to gaol—[*To L. Fop.*] Sir, though your understanding shews you a person of no extraordinary modesty, I suppose you ha' n't confidence enough to expect much favour from me.

L. *Fop*. Strike me dumb, Tam, thou art a very impudent fellow.

Nurse. Look, if the varlet has not the 'frontery to call his lordship plain Thomas.

“*Chap*. The business is, he would feign himself mad, to avoid going to gaol.

"L. Fop. [*Aside.*] That must be the chaplain, by his
"unfolding of mysteries."

Sir Tun. Come, is the warrant writ?

Chap. Yes, sir.

Sir Tun. Give me the pen, I'll sign it—So, now, constable, away with him.

L. Fop. Hold one moment, pray, gentlemen—My Lord Foppington, shall I beg one word with your lordship?

Nurse. Oh, ho, is it my lord with him now? See how afflictions will humble folks.

Miss Hoy. Pray, my lord, don't let him whisper too close, lest he bite your ear off.

L. Fop. I am not altogether so hungry as your ladyship is pleased to imagine—[*To Y. Fash.*] Look you, Tam, I am sensible I have not been so kind to you as I ought; but I hope you'll forgive what's past, and accept of the five thousand pounds I offer: thou may'st live in extreme splendor with it, stap my vitals.

Y. Fash. It's a much easier matter to prevent a disease, than to cure it; a quarter of that sum would have secured your mistress; twice as much won't redeem her.

[*Leaving him.*]

Sir Tun. Well, what says he?

Y. Fash. Only the rascal offered me a bribe to let him go.

Sir Tun. Ay, he shall go with a pox to him. Lead on, constable.

L. Fop. One word more and I have done.

Sir Tun. Before Gad, thou art an impudent fellow, to trouble the court at this rate, after thou art condemned. But speak, once for all.

L. Fop. Why, then, once for all; I have, at last, luckily called to mind, that there is a gentleman of this county, who, I believe, cannot live far from this place, if he were

here, would testify you I am Navelty, Baron of Foppington, with five thousand pounds a year, and that fellow there, a rascal, not worth a groat.

Sir Tun. Very well; now who is this honest gentleman you are so well acquainted with?—[To Y. Fash.] Come, sir, we shall hamper him.

L. Fop. 'T is Sir John Friendly.

Sir Tun. So—he lives within half a mile, and came down into the country but last night. This bold faced fellow thought he had been at London still, and so quoted him; now we shall display him in his colours; I'll send for Sir John immediately. Here, fellow, away presently, and desire my neighbour will do me the favour to step over, upon an extraordinary occasion; and, in the mean while, you had best secure this sharper in the gate-house.

Const. An't please your worship, he may chance give us the slip thence. If I were worthy to advise, I think the dog kennel's a surer place.

Sir Tun. With all my heart, any where.

L. Fop. Nay, for Heaven's sake, sir, do me the favour to put me in a clean room, that I may n't daub my clothes.

Sir Tun. Oh, when you have married my daughter, her estate will afford you new ones. Away with him.

L. Fop. A dirty country justice is a barbarous magistrate, stap my vitals.

[Exit Const. with L. Fop.]

Y. Fash. [Aside.] 'Egad, I must prevent this knight's coming, or the house will soon grow too hot to hold me—[To Sir Tun.] Sir, I fancy 't is not worth while to trouble Sir John upon this impertinent fellow's desire. I'll send and call the messenger back.

Sir Tun. Nay, with all my heart: for, to be sure, he thought he was far enough off, or the rogue would never have named him.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, I met Sir John just alighting at the gate; he's come to wait upon you.

Sir Tun. Nay, then it happens as one could wish.

Y. Fash. [*Aside.*] The devil it does? Lory, you see how things are; here will be a discovery presently, and we shall have our brains beat out; for my brother will be sure to swear he don't know me: therefore, run into the stable, take the two first horses you can light on, I'll slip out at the back door, and we'll away immediately.

Lory. What, and leave your lady, sir?

Y. Fash. There's no danger in that, as long as I have taken possession; I shall know how to treat with them well enough, if once I am out of their reach. Away: I'll steal after thee.

[Exit Lory; his Master follows him out at one door, while Sir John enters at the other.]

Sir Tun. Sir John, you are the welcomest man alive; I had just sent a messenger to desire you'd step over, upon a very extraordinary occasion—We are all in arms here.

" Sir John. How so?

" Sir Tun. Why, you must know a finical sort of a
" tawdry fellow, here, (I don't know what the devil he is,
" not I) hearing, I suppose, that the match was concluded
" between my Lord Foppington and my girl, Hoyden,
" comes impudently to the gate, and, with a whole pack
" of rogues in liveries, would have passed upon me for
" his lordship. But what does I? I comes up to him
" boldly, at the head of his guards, takes him by the
" throat, strikes up his heels, binds him hand and foot,
" dispatches a warrant, and commits him prisoner to the
" dog-kennel.

“ Sir *John*. So—But how do you know but this was my
“ lord ? For I was told he set out for London the day be-
“ fore me, with a very fine retinue, and intended to come
“ directly hither.

“ Sir *Tun*. Why, now to shew you how many lies people
“ raise in that damn’d town, he came two nights ago, post,
“ with only one servant, and is now in the house with me.
“ But you don’t know the cream of the jest yet ; this same
“ rogue, that lies yonder, neck and heels among the hounds,
“ thinking you were out of the country, quotes you for his
“ acquaintance, and said, if you were here, you’d justify
“ him to be Lord Foppington, and I know not what.”

Sir *John*. *Your servants told me the business : and that the
impostor quotes me for his acquaintance.* Pray let me see him.

Sir *Tun*. Ay, that you shall, presently—Here, fetch the
prisoner. [Exit Servant.

Sir *Tun*. “ He was here just now ; see for him.”—Doctor,
tell my lord, Sir John Friendly is here to wait upon him.

[Exit Chaplain.

“ Sir *John*. I hope, Sir Tunbelly, the young lady is not
“ married yet.

“ Sir *Tun*. No, things won’t be ready this week ; but
“ why do you say, you hope she is not married.

“ Sir *John*. Some foolish fancies only ; perhaps I am
“ mistaken.”

Re-enter Chaplain.

Chap. Sir, his lordship is just rid out to take the air.

Sir *Tun*. To take the air ! Is that his London breeding,
to go to take the air, when gentlemen come to visit him.

“ Sir *John*. ’Tis possible he might want it, he might not
“ be well, some sudden qualm perhaps.”

Enter Constable, &c. with Lord Foppington.

L. *Fop.* Stap my vitals, I'll have satisfaction.

Sir *John.* [*Running to him.*] My dear Lord Foppington!

L. *Fop.* Dear Friendly, thou art come in the critical minute, strike me dumb.

Sir *John.* Why, I little thought to have found you in fetters.

L. *Fop.* Why, truly the world must do me the justice to confess, I do use to appear a little more *degagé*—but this old gentleman, not liking the freedom of my air, has been pleased to skewer down my arms like a rabbit.

Sir *Tun.* Is it then possible that this should be the true Lord Foppington at last!

L. *Fop.* Why, what do you see in his face to make your doubt of it? Sir, without presuming to have any extraordinary opinion of my figure, give me leave to tell you, if you had seen as many lords as I have done, you would not think it impossible a person of a worse *taille* than mine, might be a modern man of quality.

Sir *Tun.* Unbind him, slaves: my lord, I'm struck dumb, I can only beg pardon by signs; but if a sacrifice will appease you, you shall have it. Here, pursue this Tartar, bring him back—Away, I say, a dog. Oons—I'll cut off his ears and his tail, I'll draw out all his teeth, pull his skin over his head—and—what shall I do more?

Sir *John.* He does indeed deserve to be made an example of.

L. *Fop.* He does deserve to be *chartré*, stap my vitals.

Sir *Tun.* May I then hope I have your honour's pardon?

L. *Fop.* Sir, we courtiers do nothing without a bribe; that fair young lady might do miracles.

Sir *Tun.* Hoyden—come hither, Hoyden.

L. Fop. Hoyden is her name, sir ?

Sir Tun. Yes, my lord.

L. Fop. The prettiest name for a song I ever heard.

Sir Tun. My lord—here's my girl, she's your's, she has a wholesome body and a virtuous mind : she's a woman complete, both in flesh and in spirit ; she has a bag of milled crowns, as scarce as they are, and fifteen hundred a year stitched fast to her tail : so go thy ways, Hoyden.

L. Fop. Sir, I do receive her like a gentleman.

Sir Tun. Then I'm a happy man, and if your lordship will give me leave, I will, like a good Christian at Christmas, be very drunk by way of thanksgiving. Come, my noble peer, I believe dinner's ready ; if your honour pleases to follow me, I'll lead you on to the attack of a venison pasty.

[Exit Sir Tun.]

L. Fop. Sir, I wait upon you. Will your ladyship do me the favour of your little finger, madam ?

Miss Hoy. My lord, I'll follow you presently. I have a little business with my nurse.

L. Fop. Your ladyship's most humble servant : come, Sir John, the ladies have *des affaires*.

[Exeunt L. Fop. and Sir John.]

Miss Hoy. So, nurse, we are finely brought to bed : what shall we do now ?

Nurse. Ah, dear miss, we are all undone. " Mr. Bull, " you were used to help a woman to a remedy." [Crying.]

" Chap. A lack a-day, but it's past my skill now, I can " do nothing.

" Nurse. Who would have thought that ever your invention should have been drained so dry ?"

Miss Hoy. Well, I have often thought old folks fools, and now I'm sure they are so : I have found a way myself to secure us all.

Nurse. Dear lady, what's that?

Miss Hoy. Why, if you two will be sure to hold your tongues, and not say a word of what's past, I'll e'en marry this lord too.

Nurse. What! two husbands, my dear?

Miss Hoy. Why you had three, good nurse, so you may hold your tongue.

Nurse. Ay, but not all together, sweet child.

Miss Hoy. Psha! if you had, you'd ne'er thought much on't.

Nurse. Oh, but 'tis a sin—Sweeting.

Chap. Nay, that's my business to speak to, nurse: I do confess, to take two husbands for the satisfaction of the flesh, is to commit the sin of exorbitancy; but to do it for the peace of the spirit, is no more than to be drunk by way of physic: besides, to prevent a parent's wrath, is to avoid the sin of disobedience; for when the parent's angry, the child is froward. So that upon the whole matter, I do think, though miss should marry again, she may be saved.

Miss Hoy. I'cod, and I will marry again then, and so there is an end of the story. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Berinth's Apartment. Enter her Maid, passing the Stage, followed by WORTHY.

Wor. Hem, Mrs. Abigail, is your mistress to be spoken with?

Ab. By you, sir, I believe she may.

Wor. Why, 'tis by me I would have her spoken with.

Ab. I'll acquaint her, sir. [*Exit Abigail.*]

Wor. [*Alone.*] One lift more I must persuade her to give me, and then I'm mounted. "Well, a young bawd, and a handsome one for my money, 'tis they do the execution; I'll never go to an old one, but when I have occasion for a witch. Lewdness looks heavenly to a woman, when an angel appears in its cause; but when a hag is advocate, she thinks it comes from the devil. An old woman has something so terrible in her looks, that while she is persuading your mistress to forget she has a soul, she stares hell and damnation full in her face,"

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ber. Well, sir, what news bring you?

Wor. No news, madam, there's a woman going to cuckold her husband.

Ber. Amanda?

Wor. I hope so.

Ber. Speed her well.

Wor. Ay, but there must be a more than a "God" speed, or your charity won't be worth a farthing.

Ber. Why, ha'n't I done enough, already?

Wor. Not quite.

Ber. What's the matter?

Wor. The lady has a scruple still, which you must remove.

Ber. What's that?

Wor. Her virtue—she says.

Ber. And do you believe her?

Wor. No, but I believe it's what she takes for her virtue; it's some relics of lawful love! She is not yet fully satisfied her husband has got another mistress, which, unless I can convince her of, I have opened the trenches in vain; for the breach must be wider, before I dare storm the town.

Ber. And so I'm to be your engineer?

Wor. I'm sure you know best how to manage the battery.

Ber. What think you of springing a mine? I have a thought just now come into my head, how to blow her up at once.

Wor. That would be a thought indeed.

Ber. Faith, I'll do't, and thus the execution of it shall be. We are all invited to my Lord Foppington's to-night to supper; he's come to town with his bride, "and gives "a ball with an entertainment of music." Now you must know, my undoer here, Loveless, says he must needs meet me about some private business (I don't know what 'tis) before we go to the company. To which end, he has told his wife one lie, and I have told her another; but, to make her amends, I'll go immediately and tell her a solemn truth.

Wor. What's that?

Ber. Why, I'll tell her, that to my certain knowledge her husband has a rendezvous with his mistress this afternoon; and that, if she will give me her word, she will be satisfied with the discovery, without making any violent inquiry after the woman, I'll direct her to a place where she shall see them meet—Now, friend, this, I fancy, may help you to a critical minute. For home she must go again to dress. You, with your good breeding, come to wait upon us to the ball, find her all alone, her spirit inflamed against her husband for his treason, and her flesh in a heat from some contemplations upon the treachery, her blood on a fire, her conscience in ice; a lover to draw, and the devil to drive—Ah, poor Amanda!

Wor. [*Kneeling.*] Thou angel of light, let me fall down and adore thee!

Ber. Thou minister of darkness, get up again, for I hate to see the devil at his devotions.

Wor. Well, my incomparable Berinthia—How shall I requite you——

Ber. Oh, ne'er trouble yourself about that: virtue is its own reward. There's a pleasure in doing good, which sufficiently pays itself. Adieu.

Wor. Farewell, thou best of women. [*Ex. several ways.*]

Enter AMANDA, meeting BERINTHIA.

Aman. Who was that went from you?

Ber. A friend of yours.

Aman. What does he want?

Ber. Something you might spare him, and be ne'er the poorer.

Aman. I can spare him nothing but my friendship: my love already's all disposed of: though, I confess, to one ungrateful to my bounty.

Ber. Why there's the mystery! You have been so bountiful, you have cloyed him. "Fond wives do by their husbands, as barren wives do by their lap-dogs; cram them with sweetmeats till they spoil their stomachs."

Aman. Alas! Had you but seen how passionately fond he has been since our last reconciliation, you would have thought it were impossible he ever should have breathed an hour without me.

Ber. Ay, but there you thought wrong again, Amanda; "you should consider, that in matters of love men's eyes are always bigger than their bellies. They have violent appetites, 't is true, but they have soon dined."

Aman. Well; there's nothing upon earth astonishes me more than men's inconstancy.

Ber. Now there's nothing upon earth astonishes me less, when I consider what they and we are composed of: for nature has made them children, and us babies. Now,

Amanda, how we used our babies, you may remember. We were mad to have them, as soon as we saw them; kissed them to pieces, as soon as we got them; then pulled off their clothes, saw them naked, and so threw them away.

Aman. But do you think all men are of this temper?

Ber. All but one.

Aman. Who's that?

Ber. Worthy.

Aman. Why, he's weary of his wife too, you see.

Ber. Ay, that's no proof.

Aman. What can be a greater?

Ber. Being weary of his mistress.

Aman. Don't you think 'twere possible he might give you that too?

Ber. Perhaps he might, if he were my gallant; not if he were yours.

Aman. Why do you think he should be more constant to me, than he would to you? I'm sure I'm not so handsome.

Ber. Kissing goes by favour: he likes you best.

Aman. Suppose he does; that's no demonstration he would be constant to me.

Ber. No, that I'll grant you: but there are other reasons to expect it; for you must know after all, Amanda, the inconstancy we commonly see in men of brains, does not so much proceed from the uncertainty of their temper, as from the misfortunes of their love. A man sees, perhaps, an hundred women he likes well enough for an intrigue, and away; but possibly, through the whole course of his life, does not find above one, who is exactly what he could wish her: now her, 'tis a thousand to one he never gets. Either she is not to be had at all, (though that seldom happens, you'll say) or he wants those opportunities that are necessary to gain her; either she likes somebody else much better than him, or uses him like a

“ a dog, because he likes nobody so well as her. Still
 “ something or other Fate claps in the way between them
 “ and the woman they are capable of being fond of: and
 “ this makes them wander about from mistress to mistress,
 “ like a pilgrim from town to town, who every night must
 “ have a fresh lodging, and is in haste to be gone in the
 “ morning.”

Aman. 'Tis possible there may be something in what you say; but what do you infer from it, as to the man we were talking of?

Ber. Why, I infer, that you being the woman in the world, the most to his humour, 'tis not likely he would quit you for one that is less.

Aman. That is not to be depended upon, for you see Mr. Loveless does so.

Ber. What does Mr. Loveless do?

Aman. Why, he runs after something for variety, I'm sure he does not like so well as he does me.

Ber. That's more than you know, madam.

Aman. No, I'm sure on't: I am not very vain, Berinthia; and yet I'll lay my life, if I could look into his heart, he thinks I deserve to be preferred to a thousand of her.

Ber. Don't be too positive in that neither: a million to one, but she has the same opinion of you. What would you give to see her?

Aman. Hang her, a dirty trull; though I really believe she's so ugly, she'd cure me of my jealousy.

Ber. All the men of sense about town say, she's handsome.

Aman. They are as often out in those things as any people.

Ber. Then I'll give you farther proof—all the women about town say, she's a fool: now I hope you are convinced?

Aman. Whate'er she be, I'm satisfied he does not like her well enough to bestow any thing more than a little outward gallantry upon her.

Ber. Outward gallantry! [*Aside.*] I can't bear this.—
[*To Aman.*] Don't you think she's a woman to be fobbed off so. Come, I'm too much your friend, to suffer you should be thus grossly imposed upon, by a man who does not deserve the least part about you, unless he knew how to set a greater value upon it. Therefore, in one word, to my certain knowledge, he is to meet her now, within a quarter of an hour, "somewhere about that Babylon of wickedness, "Whitehall." And if you'll give me your word that you'll be content with seeing her, without pulling her head clothes off, I'll step immediately to the person from whom I have my intelligence, and send you word whereabouts you may stand to see them meet. "My friend and I'll watch them "from another place, and dodge them to their private "lodging: but don't you offer to follow them, lest you do "it awkwardly, and spoil all. I'll come home to you "again as soon as I have earthed them, and give you an "account in what corner of the house the scene of their "lewdness lies."

Aman. If you can do this, Berinthia, he's a villain.

Ber. I can't help that, men will be so.

Aman. Well! I'll follow your directions; for I shall never rest till I know the worst of this matter.

Ber. Pray, go immediately, and get yourself ready then. Put on some of your woman's clothes, a great scarf and a mask, and you shall presently receive orders. "*[Calls within]* Here, who's there? get me a chair quickly.

"*Ser.* There are chairs at the door, madam.

"*Ber.* 'Tis well, I'm coming."

Aman. But, pray, Berinthia, before you go, tell me how I may know this filthy thing, if she should be so forward (as I suppose she will) to come to the rendezvous first; for, methinks, I would fain view her a little.

Ber. Why, she's about my heighth, and very well shaped.

Aman. I thought she had been a little crooked.

Ber. Oh, no, she's as straight as I am. But we lose time; come away. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

London. Enter COUPLER, Young FASHION and LORY.

Coupler.

"WELL, and so Sir John coming in—

"Y. *Fash.* And so Sir John coming in, I thought it might be manners in me to go out, which I did, and getting on horseback as fast as I could, rid away as if the devil had been at the rear of me; what has happened since, heaven knows.

"*Coup.* 'Egad, sir, I know as well as heaven.

"Y. *Fash.* What do you know?

"*Coup.* That you are a cuckold.

"Y. *Fash.* The devil I am! By who?

"*Coup.* By your brother.

"Y. *Fash.* My brother! which way?

"*Coup.* The old way: he has lain with your wife.

"Y. *Fash.* Hell and furies, what dost thou mean?

"*Coup.* I mean plainly, I speak no parable.

"Y. *Fash.* Plainly! thou dost not speak common sense, I cannot understand one word thou sayest.

"*Coup.* You will do soon, youngster. In short, you left your wife a widow, and she married again.

"Y. *Fash.* It's a lie.

"*Coup.* —I'cod, if I were a young fellow, I'd break your head, sirrah.

" Y. *Fash.* Dear dad, don't be angry, for I am as mad as
" Tom of Bedlam.

" *Coup.* When I had fitted you with a wife, you should
" have kept her.

" Y. *Fash.* But is it possible the young strumpet could
" play me such a trick?

" *Coup.* A young strumpet, sir, can play twenty tricks.

" Y. *Fash.* But pr'ythee, instruct me a little farther;
" whence comes thy intelligence?

" *Coup.* From your brother, in this letter; there, you
" may read it." *Now you have told me your story, I'll let*
you into mine in this letter; read it. [Y. Fashion reads.]

" Dear Coupler,

" [*Pulling off his hat.*] I have only time to tell thee in
three lines, or thereabouts, that here has been the devil:
that rascal, Tam, having stole the letter thou hadst formerly
writ for me to bring to Sir Tunbelly, formed a damnable
design upon my mistress, and was in a fair way of success
when I arrived. But after having suffered some indignities
(in which I have all daubed my embroidered coat) I put
him to flight. I sent out a party of horse after him, in hopes
to have made him my prisoner, which, if I had done, I
would have qualified him for the seraglio, stap my vitals.—
The danger I have thus narrowly escaped, has made me
fortify myself against any further attempts, by entering im-
mediately into an association with the young lady, by which
we engage to stand by one another, as long as we both shall
live. In short, the papers are sealed, and the contract is
signed, so the business of the lawyer is *achieve*; but I defer
the divine part of the thing till I arrive at London, not be-
ing willing to consummate in any other bed but my own.

" P. S. 'Tis possible I may be in the tawn as soon as this
letter; for I find the lady is so violent in love with me, I

have determined to make her happy with all the dispatch that is practicable, without disordering my coach-horses.'

So, here's rare work, i'faith!

Lory. 'Egad, Miss Hoyden has laid about her bravely.

Coup. I think my country girl has played her part, as well as if she had been born and bred in St. James's parish.

Y. Fash. That rogue the chaplain.

Lory. And then that jade the nurse, sir.

Y. Fash. And then that drunken sot, Lory, sir; that could not keep himself sober to be a witness to the marriage.

Lory. Sir—with respect—I know very few drunken sots that do keep themselves sober.

Y. Fash. Hold your prating, sirrah, or I'll break your head. Dear Coupler, what's to be done?

Coup. Nothing's to be done till the bride and bridegroom come to town.

Y. Fash. Bride and bridegroom; hell and furies! I can't bear you should call them so.

Coup. Why, what shall I call them, dog and cat?

Y. Fash. Not for the world, that sounds more like man and wife than t'other.

Coup. Well, call them what you will, there's nothing to be done without them. But you have been an idle young rogue, or the girl would never have left thee. [Exeunt.

Enter AMANDA, in a scarf, &c. as just returned, her Woman following her.

"*Aman.* Pr'ythee, what care I who has been here?

"*Wom.* Madam, 't was my Lady Bridle, and my Lady

"Tiptoe.

"*Aman.* My Lady Fiddle and my Lady Faddle. What

"dost stand troubling me with the visits of a parcel of im-

“pertinent women? When they are well seamed with the
“small pox, they won’t be so fond of showing their faces

“—There are more coquettes about this town—

“*Wom.* Madam, I suppose they only came to return your
“ladyship’s visit, according to the custom of the world.

“*Aman.* Would the world were on fire, and you in the
“middle on’t. Begone; leave me.” [Exit Woman.

Aman. [Alone.] At last I am convinced. My eyes are
testimonies of his falsehood.

The base, ungrateful, perjur’d villain—

“Good Gods—what slippery stuff are men compos’d of?

“Sure the account of their creation’s false.

“And ’t was the woman’s rib that they were form’d of.”

But why am I thus angry?

This poor relapse should only move my scorn.

“’T is true; the roving flights of his unfinish’d youth

“Had strong excuses from the plea of nature:

“Reason had thrown the reins loose on his neck,

“And slipt him to unlimited desire.

“If therefore he went wrong, he had a claim

“To my forgiveness, and I did him right:

“But since the years of manhood rein him in,

“And reason, well digested into thought,

“Has pointed out the course he ought to run;

“If now he strays,

“’T would be as weak, and mean in me to pardon,

“As it has been in him t’ offend. But hold!

“’T is an ill cause indeed, where nothing’s to be said for’t.

“My beauty possibly is in the wain:

“Perhaps sixteen has greater charms for him:

“Yes, there’s the secret. But let him know,

“My quiver’s not entirely empty’d yet;

“I still have darts, and I can shoot ’em too:

“ They ’re not so blunt, but they can enter still ;
 “ The want ’s not in my power, but in my will.
 “ Virtue ’s his friend ; or, through another’s heart,
 “ I yet could find the way to make his smart.”

[*Going off, she meets Worthy.*

Ha! he here! Protect me, Heaven, for this looks ominous.

Wor. You seem disordered, madam; I hope there’s no misfortune has happened to you?

Aman. None that will long disorder me, I hope.

Wor. Whate’er it be disturbs you, I would to Heaven it were in my power to bear the pain, till I were able to remove the cause.

Aman. I hope ere long it will remove itself; at least I have given it warning to be gone.

“ *Wor.* Would I durst ask, where ’t is the thorn torments you?

“ Forgive me, if I grow inquisitive ;

“ ’T is only with desire to give you ease.

“ *Aman.* Alas! ’t is in a tender part. It can’t be drawn
 “ without a world of pain : yet out it must, for it begins to
 “ fester in my heart.”

Wor. If ’t is the sting of unrequited love, remove it instantly : I have a balm will quickly heal the wound.

Aman. You’ll find the undertaking difficult: the surgeon, who already has attempted it, has much tormented me.

Wor. I’ll aid him with gentler hand——if you will give me leave.

Aman. How soft soe’er the hand may be, there still is terror in the operation.

Wor. Some few preparatives would make it easy, could I persuade you to apply ’em. Make home reflections, madam, on your slighted love : weigh well the strength and beauty of your charms : rouse up that spirit women ought to bear,

“and slight your god, if he neglects his angel.” With arms of ice receive his cold embraces, and keep your fire for those who come in flames. Behold a burning lover at your feet, his fever raging in his veins. “See how he trembles, how he pants! See how he glows, how he consumes!” Extend the arms of mercy to his aid: his zeal may give him title to your pity, although his merit cannot claim your love.

Aman. Of all my feeble sex, sure I must be the weakest, should I again presume to think on love.—[*Sighing.*]—Alas! my heart has been too roughly treated.

Wor. ’T will find the greater bliss in softer usage.

Aman. But where’s that usage to be found?

Wor. ’T is here, within this faithful breast; which, if you doubt, I’ll rip it up before your eyes: lay all its secrets open to your view; and then you’ll see ’t was sound.

Aman. With just such honest words as these, the worst of men deceived me.

Wor. He therefore merits all revenge can do: his fault is such, the extent and stretch of vengeance cannot reach it. O make me but your instrument of justice, you’ll find me execute it with such a zeal, as shall convince you I abhor the crime.

Aman. The rigour of an executioner, has more the face of cruelty than justice: and he who puts the cord about the wretch’s neck is seldom known to exceed him in his morals.

Wor. What proof then can I give you of my truth?

Aman. There is on earth but one,

Wor. And is that in my power?

Aman. It is; and one that would so thoroughly convince me, I should be apt to rate your heart so high, I possibly might purchase it with a part of mine.

Wor. “Then, Heaven, thou art my friend, and” I am

blest; "for if 'tis in my power, my will, I'm sure will reach it." No matter what the terms may be, when such a recompence is offered. O, tell me quickly what this proof must be? What is it will convince you of my love?

Aman. I shall believe you love me as you ought, if from this moment you forbear to ask whatever is unfit for me to grant——You pause upon it, sir——I doubt on such hard terms a woman's heart is scarcely worth the having.

Wor. A heart like yours on any terms is worth it: 'twas not on that I paused: but I was thinking, [*Drawing nearer to her.*] whether some things there may not be, which women cannot grant without a blush, and yet which men may take without offence. [*Taking her hand.*] Your hand I fancy may be of the number: O, pardon me, if I commit a rape upon it, [*Kissing it eagerly.*] and thus devour it with my kisses.

Aman. O, heavens! let me go.

Wor. Never, whilst I have strength to hold you here. [*Forcing her.*] My life, my soul, my goddess——"O for—give me!

"*Aman.* O, whither am I going? Help, Heaven, or I am lost.

"*Wor.* Stand neuter, gods, this once I do invoke you.

"*Aman.* Then save me, Virtue, and the glory's thine.

"*Wor.* Nay, never strive.

"*Aman.* I will, and conquer too. My forces rally bravely to my aid, [*Breaking from him.*] and thus I gain the day."

Wor. "Then mine as bravely double their attack; [*Seizing her again.*] and thus I wrest it from you." Nay, struggle not; for all's in vain: or death or victory; I am determined.

Aman. And so am I. [*Rushing from him.*] Now keep your distance, or we part for ever.

Wor. [*Offering again.*] For Heaven's sake.

Aman. [*Going.*] Nay, then, farewell.

Wor. [*Kneeling, and holding by her clothes.*] O stay, and see the magic force of love: behold this raging lion at your feet, struck dead with fear, and tame as charms can make him. What must I do to be forgiven by you?

Aman. Repent, and never more offend.

“ *Wor.* Repentance for past crimes is just and easy; but
“ sin no more's a task too hard for mortals.

“ *Aman.* Yet those who hope for Heaven, must use their
“ best endeavours to perform it.

“ *Wor.* Endeavours we may use, but flesh and blood are
“ got in t' other scale; and they are pond'rous things.

“ *Aman.* Whate'er they are, there is a weight in resolu-
“ tion sufficient for their balance. The soul, I do confess,
“ is usually so careless of its charge, so soft, and so indul-
“ gent to desire, it leaves the reins in the wild hand of
“ Nature, who, like a Phæton, drives the fiery chariot, and
“ sets the world on flame. Yet still the sovereignty is in
“ the mind, whene'er it pleases to exert its force. Perhaps
“ you may not think it worth your while, to take such
“ mighty pains for my esteem; but that I leave to you.

“ You see the price I set upon my heart,

“ Perhaps 't is dear: but spite of all your art,

“ You'll find on cheaper terms, we ne'er shall part.” [*Ex.*

Wor. Sure there's divinity about her; and she's dispensed some portion on't to me. For what but now was the wild flame of love, or (to dissect that spacious term) the vile, the gross desires of flesh and blood, is in a moment turned to adoration. “ The coarser appetite of nature's
“ gone, and 'tis, methinks, the food of angels I require:
“ how long this influence may last, Heaven knows, but in
“ this moment of my purity, I could on her own terms ac-

"cept her heart. Yes, lovely woman, I can accept it. For
 "now 'tis doubly worth my care. Your charms are much
 "increased, since thus adorned." When truth's extorted
 from us, then we own the robe of virtue is a graceful habit.
 Could women but our secret counsels scan,
 Could they but reach the deep reserves of man,
 They'd wear it on, that that of love might last;
 For when they throw off one, we soon the other cast.
 Their sympathy is such——
 The fate of one, the other scarce can fly,
 They live together, and together die. [Exit.

Enter Young FASHION, "meeting LORY.

"Y. *Fash.* Well, will the doctor come?
 "Lory. Sir, I sent a porter to him as you ordered me.
 "He found him with a pipe of tobacco and a great tankard
 "of ale, which, he said, he would dispatch while I could
 "tell three, and be here.
 "Y. *Fash.* He does not suspect 't was I that sent for him.
 "Lory. Not a jot, sir; he divines as little for himself, as
 "he does for other folks.
 "Y. *Fash.* Will he bring nurse with him?
 "Lory. Yes.
 "Y. *Fash.* That's well; where's Coupler?
 "Lory. He's half way up the stairs taking breath; he
 "must play his bellows a little, before he can get to the
 "top."

Enter COUPLER.

"Y. *Fash.* O, here he is. Well, old Phthisic, the doc-
 "tor's coming.
 "Coupl. Would the pox had the doctor—I'm quite out of
 "wind. [To Lory.] Set me a chair, sirrah.—Ah—[Sits

“ *down.* [*To Y. Fash.*] Why the plague canst not thou
“ lodge upon the ground-floor ?

“ *Y. Fash.* Because I love to lie as near heaven as I can.

“ *Coup.* Pr’ythee, let heaven alone; ne’er affect tending
“ that way: thy centre’s downwards.

“ *Y. Fash.* That’s impossible. I have too much ill luck
“ in this world to be damned in the next.

“ *Coup.* Thou art out in thy logic. Thy major is true,
“ but thy minor is false; for thou art the luckiest fellow in
“ the universe.

“ *Y. Fash.* Make out that.

“ *Coup.* I’ll do’t: last night the devil ran away with
“ the parson of Fat Goose living.

“ *Y. Fash.* If he had run away with the parish too, what’s
“ that to me ?

“ *Coup.* I’ll tell thee what it’s to thee. This living is
“ worth five hundred pounds a-year, and the presentation of
“ it is thine, if thou canst prove thyself a lawful husband
“ to Miss Hoyden.

“ *Y. Fash.* Say’st thou so, my protector ! then ’egad I
“ shall have a brace of evidences here presently.

“ *Coup.* The nurse and the doctor ?

“ *Y. Fash.* The same: the devil himself won’t have in-
“ terest enough to make them withstand it.

“ *Coup.* That we shall see presently.—Here they come.

*Enter Nurse and Chaplain; “ they start back seeing Young
Fashion.*

“ Ah, goodness, Roger, we are betrayed.

“ *Y. Fash.* [*Laying bold on them.*] Nay, nay, ne’er flinch
“ for the matter; for I have you safe. Come to your trials
“ immediately; I have no time to give you copies of your

" indictment. There sits your judge.

" *Both.* [*Kneeling.*] Pray, sir, have compassion upon us.

" *Nurse.* I hope, sir, my years will move your pity; I am
" an aged woman.

" *Coup.* That is a moving argument indeed. [*To Bull.*]

" Are not you a rogue of sanctity?

" *Chap.* Sir, with respect to my function, I do wear a
" gown. I hope, sir, my character will be considered: I
" am Heaven's ambassador.

" *Coup.* Did not you marry this vigorous young fellow to
" a plump young buxom wench?

" *Nurse.* [*To Bull.*] Don't confess, Roger, unless you
" are hard put to it indeed,

" *Coup.* Come, out with it—Now is he chewing the cud
" of his roguery, and grinding a lie between his teeth.

" *Chap.* Sir—I cannot positively say—I say, sir—
" positively I cannot say——

" *Coup.* Come, no equivocation, no Roman turns upon
" us. Consider thou stand'st upon Protestant ground,
" which will slip from under thee, like a Tyburn cart; for
" in this country, we have always ten hangmen for one
" Jesuit.

" *Chap.* [*To Y. Fash.*] Pray, sir, then will you but per-
" mit me to speak one word in private with nurse?

" *Y. Fash.* Thou art always for doing something in pri-
" vate with nurse.

" *Coup.* But pray let his betters be served before him for
" once. I would do something in private with her myself.

" Lory, take care of this reverend gown-man in the next
" room a little. Retire, priest. [*Exit Lory with Bull.*]

" Now, virgin, I must put the matter home to you a little:
" do you think it might not be possible to make you speak
" truth?

“ *Nurse*. Alas ! Sir, I don’t know what you mean by truth.

“ *Coup*. Nay, ’tis possible thou may’st be a stranger to it.

“ *Y. Fash*. Come, nurse, you and I were better friends when we saw one another last ; and I still believe you are a very good woman in the bottom. I did deceive you and your young lady, ’tis true, but I always designed to make a very good husband to her, and to be a very good friend to you. And ’tis possible in the end, she might have found herself happier, and you richer, than ever my brother will make you.

“ *Nurse*. Brother ! Why is your worship then his lordship’s brother ?

“ *Y. Fash*. I am ; which you should have known, if I durst have staid to have told you ; but I was forced to take horses a little in haste, you know.

“ *Nurse*. You were indeed, sir. Poor young man how he was bound to scour for’t. Now won’t your worship be angry, if I confess the truth to you ? When found you were a cheat (with respect be it spoken) I very believed Miss had got some pitiful skip-jack varlet or other to her husband, or I had never let her think of marrying again.

“ *Coup*. But where was your conscience all this while, woman ? Did not that stare you in the face with huge saucer eyes, and a great horn upon the forehead ? Did not you think you should be damned for such a sin ? Ha !

“ *Y. Fash*. Well said, divinity ; press that home upon her.

“ *Nurse*. Why, in good truly, sir, I had some fearful thoughts on’t, and could never be brought to consent, till Mr. Bull said it was a *peckadille*, and he’d secure my soul for a tythe-pig.

“ *Y. Fash*. There was a rogue for you.

“ *Coup.* And he shall thrive accordingly : he shall have
 “ a good living. Come, honest nurse, I see you have butter
 “ in your compound ; you can melt. Some compassion you
 “ can have of this handsome young fellow.

“ *Nurse.* I have indeed, sir.”

Y. Fash. “ Why, then, I’ll tell you what you shall do
 “ for me.” You know what a warm living here is fallen ;
 and that it must be in the disposal of him who has the dis-
 posal of Miss. Now if you and the doctor will agree to
 prove my marriage, I’ll present him to it, upon condition
 he make you his bride.

Nurse. Now the blessing of the Lord follow your good
 worship “ both by night and by day.” Let him be fetched
 in by the ears ; I’ll soon bring his nose to the grindstone.

Coup. [*Aside.*] Well said, old whit-leather. Hey ; bring
 in the prisoner, there.

Enter LORY with the Chaplain.

“ *Coup.* Come, advance, holy man : here’s your duck
 “ does not think fit to retire with you into the chancel at
 “ this time ; but she has a proposal to make to you in the
 “ face of the congregation. Come, nurse, speak for your-
 “ self ; you are of age.

“ *Nurse.* Roger, are not you a wicked man, Roger, to set
 “ your strength against a weak woman, and persuade her it
 “ was no sin to conceal Miss’s nuptials ? My conscience flies
 “ in my face for it, thou priest of Baal ; and I find, by woe-
 “ ful experience, thy absolution is not worth an old cassock :
 “ therefore I am resolved to confess the truth to the whole
 “ world, though I die a beggar for it. But his worship
 “ overflows with his mercy, and his bounty : he is not only
 “ pleased to forgive us our sins, but designs thou shalt squat
 “ thee down in Fat Goose living, and which is more than

“all, has prevailed with me to become the wife of thy
“bosom.”

Y. Fash. All this I intend for you, doctor: what you are to do for me, I need not tell you.

Chap. Your worship's goodness is unspeakable: “yet
“there is one thing seems a point of conscience; and con-
“science is a tender babe. If I should bind myself, for the
“sake of this living, to marry nurse, and maintain her af-
“terwards, I doubt it might be looked on as a kind of
“simony.”

Coup. “*[Rising up.]* If it were sacrilege, the living's
“worth it: therefore,” no more words, good doctor; but
with the *[Giving Nurse to him.]* Parish—here—take the
parsonage-house. 'Tis true, 'tis a little out of repair;
some dilapidations there are to be made good; the windows
are broke, the wainscot is warped, the cielings are peeled,
and the walls are cracked; but a little glazing, painting,
whitewash, and plaister, will make it last thy time.

Chap. Well, sir, if it must be so, “I sha'n't contend:
“What Providence orders,” I submit “to.”

Nurse. And so do I, with all humility.

Coup. Why, that now was spoke like good people: Come,
“my turtle-doves,” let us go help this poor pigeon to his
wandering mate again; and after institution and induction,
you shall go a cooing together. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Miss HOYDEN and Nurse.

Miss Hoy. But is it sure and certain, say you, he's my
lord's own brother?

Nurse. As sure as he's your lawful husband.

Miss Hoy. I'cad, if I had known that in time, I don't
know but I might have kept him: for, between you and I,

nurse, he'd have made a husband worth two of this I have. But which do you think you should fancy most, nurse?

Nurse. Why, truly, in my poor fancy, madam, your first husband is the prettier gentleman.

Miss Hoy. I don't like my lord's shapes, nurse.

Nurse. Why, in good truly, as a body may say, he is but a slam.

Miss Hoy. What do you think now he puts me in mind of? Don't you remember a long, loose, shambling sort of a horse my father called Washy?

Nurse. As like as two twin brothers.

Miss Hoy. I'cod, I have thought so a hundred times; faith I'm tired of him.

Nurse. Indeed, madam, I think you had e'en as good stand to your first bargain.

Miss Hoy. O but, nurse, we ha'n't considered the main thing yet. If I leave my lord, I must leave my lady too: and when I rattle about in the streets in my coach, they'll only say, there goes Mistress—Mistress——Mistress what? What's this man's name I have married, nurse?

Nurse. 'Squire Fashion.

Miss Hoy. 'Squire Fashion is it?—Well, 'squire, that's better than nothing. Do you think one could not get him made a knight, nurse?

Nurse. I don't know but one might, madam, when the king's in a good humour.

Miss Hoy. I'cod, that would do rarely. For then he'd be as good a man as my father, you know.

Nurse. By'r lady, and that's as good as the best of them.

Miss Hoy. So 'tis, faith; for then I shall be my lady, and your ladyship at every word, that's all I have to care for. Ha, nurse, but hark you me, one thing more, and then I have done. I'm afraid, if I change my husband

again, I sha'n't have so much money to throw about, nurse.

Nurse. Oh, enough's as good as a feast: "besides, madam, one don't know, but as much may fall to your share with the younger brother, as with the elder." For though these lords have a power of wealth indeed; yet as I have heard say, they give it all to their sluts and their trulls, who joggle it about in their coaches, with a murrain to 'em, whilst poor madam sits sighing and wishing, and knotting and crying, and has not a spare half-crown to buy her a Practice of Piety.

Miss Hoy. O, but for that, don't deceive yourself, nurse, for this I must [*Snapping her fingers.*] say for my lord, and a——for him; he's as free as an open house at Christmas. For this very morning he told me I should have two hundred a-year to buy pins. Now, nurse, if he gives me two hundred a-year to buy pins, what do you think he'll give me to buy fine petticoats?

Nurse. Ah, my dearest, he deceives thee foully, and he's no better than a rogue for his pains. These Londoners have got such a gibberidge with 'em, would confound a gipsy. That which they call pin-money, is to buy their wives every thing in the versal world, down to their very shoe ties. "Nay, I have heard folks say, that some ladies, if they will have gallants, as they call 'em, are forced to find them out of their pin money too."

Miss Hoy. Has he served me so, say ye?—Then I'll be his wife no longer, that's fixt. Look, here he comes, with all the fine folks at his heels. I'cod, nurse, these London ladies will laugh till they crack again, to see me slip my collar, and run away from my husband. But, d'ye hear, pray take care of one thing: when the business comes to break out, be sure you get between me and my father, for you know his tricks; he'll knock me down.

Nurse. I'll mind him, ne'er fear, madam.

*Enter Lord FOPPINGTON, LOVELESS, WORTHY,
AMANDA, and BERINTHIA.*

L. Fop. Ladies and gentlemen, you are all welcome. [*To Lov.*] Loveless—that's my wife; pr'ythee do me the favour to salute her: and do'st hear, [*Aside to him.*] if thou hast a mind to try thy fartune, to be revenged of me, I wont take it ill, stap my vitals.

Love. You need not fear, sir, I am too fond of my own wife, to have the least inclination for yours. [*All salute Miss.*

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] I'd give a thousand paund he would make love to her, that he may see she has sense enough to prefer me to him, though his own wife has not. [*Viewing him.*] "He's a very beastly fellow, in my opinion."

Miss Hoy. [*Aside.*] What a power of fine men there are in this London. He that kissed me first is a goodly gentleman, I promise you. Sure those wives have a rare time on't, that live here always.

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, with Musicians, Dancers, &c.

Sir Tun. Come, come in, good people, come in; come, tune your fiddles, tune your fiddles. [*To the hautboys.*] Bagpipes, make ready there. Come, strike up. [*Sings.*

*For this is Hoyden's wedding day;
And therefore we keep holy-day,
And come to be merry.*

Ha! there's my wench, i'faith: touch and take, I'll warrant her; she'll breed like a tame rabbit.

Miss Hoy. [*Aside.*] I'cod I think my father's gotten drunk before supper.

Sir Tun. [*To Love. and Wor.*] Gentlemen, you are welcome. [*Saluting Aman. and Ber.*] Ladies, by your leave—Ha—they bill like turtles: udsookers, they set my old blood a-fire; I shall cuckold somebody before morning.

L. Fop. [*To Sir Tun.*] Sir, you being master of the entertainment—will you desire the company to sit.

Sir Tun. 'Oons, sir—I'm the happiest man on this side the Ganges.

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] This is a mighty unaccountable old fellow. [*To Sir Tun.*] I said, sir, it would be convenient to ask the company to sit.

Sir Tun. Sit—"with all my heart: come, take your places, ladies—take your places, gentlemen:" come, sit down; a pox of ceremony, "take your places."

[*They sit, and the Mask begins.*]

"DIALOGUE *between* CUPID and HYMEN.

"CUPID.

"Thou bane to my empire, thou spring of contest,
 "Thou source of all discord, thou period to rest;
 "Instruct me what wretches in bondage can see,
 "That the aim of their life is still pointed to thee.

"HYMEN.

"Instruct me, thou little impertinent god,
 "From whence all thy subjects have taken the mode,
 "To grow fond of a change, to whatever it be,
 "And I'll tell thee why those would be bound who are free.

"CHORUS.

"For change, we're for change, to whatever it be,
 "We're neither contented with freedom, nor thee.

*" Constancy's an empty sound,
" Heaven, and earth, and all go round,
" All the works of nature move,
" And the joys of life and love
" Are in variety.*

" CUPID.

*" Were love the reward of a pains-taking life,
" Had a husband the art to be fond of his wife,
" Were virtue so plenty, a wife could afford,
" These very hard times to be true to her lord.
" Some specious account might be given of those,
" Who are ty'd by the tail to be led by the nose.

" But since 't is the fate of a man and his wife,
" To consume all their days in contention and strife;
" Since whate'er the bounty of Heaven may create her,
" He's morally sure he shall heartily hate her.
" I think 't were much wiser to ramble at large,
" And the volleys of love on the head to discharge.*

" HYMEN.

*" Some colour of reason thy counsel might bear,
" Could a man have no more than his wife to his share:
" Or were I a monarch so cruelly just,
" To oblige a poor wife to be true to her trust:
" But I have not pretended, for many years past,
" By marrying of people, to make 'em grow chaste.

" I therefore advise thee to let me go on,
" Thou'lt find I'm the strength and support of thy throne;
" For hadst thou but eyes thou wouldst quickly perceive it,
" How smoothly the dart
" Slips into the heart*

“ *Of a woman that’s wed,
“ Whilst the shivering maid
“ Stands trembling, and wishing, but dare not receive it.*

“ CHORUS.

“ *For change, &c.*

The Mask ended. Enter Young FASHION, COUPLER, and Chaplain.

Sir *Tun.* So, “very fine, very fine; i’faith, this is some-
“thing like a wedding.” Now, if supper were but ready,
I’d say a short grace, and if I had such a bed-fellow as
Hoyden to-night—I’d say as short prayers—[*Seeing Y.*
Fash.] How now, what have we got here? A ghost! Nay,
it must be so; for his flesh and blood could never have
dared to appear before me.—[*To him.*] Ah, rogue!

L. *Fop.* Stap my vitals, Tam again!

Sir *Tun.* My lord, will you cut his throat, or shall I?

L. *Fop.* Thou art the impudentest fellow that nature has
yet spawned into the world, strike me speechless.

Y. *Fash.* Why, you know my modesty would have starved
me; I sent it a begging to you, and you would not give it
a groat.

L. *Fop.* And dost thou expect, by an excess of assurance,
to extort a maintenance from me?

Y. *Fash.* [*Taking Miss by the hand.*] I do intend to extort
your mistress from you, and that, I hope, will prove one.

L. *Fop.* I ever thought Newgate or Bedlam would be his
fortune, and now his fate’s decided. Pr’y thee, Loveless,
dost know of ever a mad doctor hard by?

Y. *Fash.* There’s one at your elbow will cure you pre-
sently.—[*To Bull.*] Pr’y thee, doctor, take him in hand
quickly.

L. *Fop*. Shall I beg the favour of you, sir, to pull your fingers out of my wife's hand ?

Y. *Fash*. His wife ! Look you there. Now, I hope you are all satisfied he's mad.

L. *Fop*. Naw it is impassible far me to penetrate what species of folly it is thou art driving at.

Sir *Tun*. Here, here, here; let me beat out his brains, and that will decide all.

L. *Fop*. No, pray, sir, hold ; we'll destray him presently, according to law.

Y. *Fash*. [*To Bull.*] Nay, then, advance, doctor—Come, you are a man of conscience ; answer boldly to the questions I shall ask. Did not you marry me to this young lady, before ever that gentleman there saw her face?

Chap. Since the truth must out—I did.

Y. *Fash*. Nurse, sweet nurse, were not you a witness to it ?

Nurse. Since my conscience bids me speak—I was.

Y. *Fash*. [*To Miss.*] Madam, am not I your lawful husband ?

Miss *Hoy*. Truly I can't tell, but you married me first.

Y. *Fash*. Now, I hope you are all satisfied.

Sir *Tun*. [*Offering to strike him, is held by Love. and Wor.*] 'Oons and thunder, you lie !

L. *Fop*. Pray, sir, be calm—the battle is in disorder, but requires more conduct than courage to rally our forces.—Pray, doctor, one word with you. [*To Bull, aside.*] Look you, sir, “ though I will not presume to calculate your notions of damnation, fram the description you give us of hell ; yet, since there is a passibility you may have a pitchfork thrust into your backside,” methinks it should not be worth your while to risque your saul in the next world, far the sake of a beggarly yaunger brother, who is nat able to make your bady happy in this.

Chap. Alas, my lord, I have no worldly ends!—I speak the truth, Heaven knows——

“*L. Fop.* Nay, pr’y thee, never engage Heaven in the matter; far, by all I can see, ’t is like to prove a business for the devil.”

Y. Fash. Come, pray, sir, all above-board; no corrupting of evidences, if you please: this young lady is my lawful wife, and I’ll justify it in all the courts in England. So, your Lordship (who had always a passion for variety) may go seek a new mistress if you think fit.

L. Fop. I am struck dumb with his impudence, and cannot passively tell whether ever I shall speak again or not.

Sir Tun. Then let me come and examine the business a little; I’ll jirk the truth out of them presently.—Here, give me my dog-whip.

Y. Fash. Look you, old gentleman, ’tis in vain to make a noise; if you grow mutinous, I have some friends within call, have swords by their sides about four feet long; therefore be calm, hear the evidence patiently, and when the jury have given their verdict, pass sentence according to law. Here’s honest Coupler shall be foreman, and ask as many questions as he pleases.

Coup. All I have to ask is, whether the nurse persists in her evidence? The parson, I dare swear, will never flinch from his.

Nurse. [*To Sir Tun. kneeling.*] I hope in Heaven your worship will pardon me: I have served you long and faithfully; but in this thing I was over-reached. Your worship, however, was deceived as well as I; and if the wedding-dinner had been ready, you had put madam to bed with him with your own hands.

Sir Tun. But how durst you do this, without acquainting of me?

Nurse. Alas! if your worship had seen how the poor thing begged and prayed, and clung, and twined about me, like ivy to an old wall, you would say, I, who had suckled it, and swaddled it, and nursed it both wet and dry, must have had a heart of adamant to refuse it.

Sir Tun. Very well.

Y. Fash. Foreman, I expect your verdict.

Coup. Ladies and gentlemen, what's your opinions?

All. A clear case, a clear case.

Coup. Then, my young folks, I wish you joy.

Sir Tun. [*To Y. Fash.*] Come hither, stripling—if it be true, then, that thou hast married my daughter, pr'y thee tell me who thou art?

Y. Fash. Sir, the best of my condition is—I am your son in-law; and the worst of it is—I am brother to that noble peer there.

Sir Tun. Art thou brother to that noble peer?—Why then, that noble peer, and thee, and thy wife, and the nurse, and the priest—may all go and be damn'd together.

[*Exit Sir Tun.*]

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] Naw, for my part, I think the wisest thing a man can do, with an aching heart, is to put on a serene countenance; for a philosophical air is the most becoming thing in the world to the face of a person of quality. I will therefore bear my disgrace like a great man, and let the people see I am above an affrant.—[*To Y. Fash.*] Dear Tam, since things are thus fallen out, pr'y thee give me leave to wish thee jay; I do it *de bon cœur*, strike me dumb. You have married a woman, beautiful in her person, charming in her airs, prudent in her conduct, constant in her inclinations, and of a nice morality, split my windpipe.

Y. Fash. Your lordship may keep up your spirits with your grimace, if you please; I shall support mine with this

lady, and two thousand pounds a-year.—[*Taking Miss.*]
Come, madam :

We once again, you see, are man and wife ;
And now, perhaps the bargain's struck for life :
If I mistake, and we should part again,
At least, you see, you may have choice of men :
Nay, should the war at length such havoc make,
That lovers should grow scarce, yet for your sake,
Kind Heaven always will preserve a beau——

[*Pointing to Lord Fop.*

You'll find his lordship ready to come to.

L. *Fop.* Her ladyship shall stap my vitals if I do.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Lord FOPPINGTON.

GENTLEMEN and LADIES,

THESE people have regal'd you here to-day
(In my opinion) with a saucy play ;
In which the author does presume to show,
That coxcomb ab origine—was beau.
Truly, I think the thing of so much weight,
That if some sharp chastisement be n't his fate,
Gad's curse ! it may, in time, destroy the state.
I hold no one its friend, I must confess,
Who would discauntenance you men of dress.
Far, give me leave t' observe, good clothes are things
Have ever been of great support to kings.
All treasons come from slovens ; it is nat
Within the reach of gentle beaus to plat ;
They have no gall, no spleen, no teeth, no stings ;
Of all Gad's creatures the most harmless things.
Through all recard no prince was ever slain
By one who had a feather in his brain.
They're men of too refin'd an education,
To squabble with a court—for a vile dirty nation.
I'm very pasitive you never saw
A thorough republican a finish'd beau.
Nor, truly, shall you very often see
A Jacobite much better dress'd than he.
In shart, through all the courts that I've been in,
Your men of mischief—still are in foul linen.

*Did ever yet one dance the Tyburn jig,
With a free air, or a well powder'd wig?
Did ever highwayman yet bid you stand,
With a sweet barudy snuff-box in his hand?
Or do you ever find they ask your purse,
As men of breeding do?—Ladies, Gad's curse,
This author is a dag, and 'tis not fit
You should allow him e'en one grain of wit;
To which, that his pretence may ne'er be nam'd,
My humble motion is—he may be damn'd.*

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THE END.

